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MY BRIDE.

BY JENNY MARSH.

I have a bride, a bonny bride
As any lad may claim;
Her eyes are dark, her curls are brown,
Her neck pure brow ne'er wears a frown,
And Mary is her name.
And though she is afar from me,
And years may pass ere I shall see
That darling one again,
Yet ever hoping I tell on,
And smile when'er a day is gone,
Be it of joy or pain.

I have a bride, a bonny bride!
One very dear to me;
And yet, when last I pressed her cheek,
And called her name, she would not speak,
Or give a smile to me.
I clasped my darling to my heart,
An icy chill made me to start,
Yet still I held her there,
And called on God—the God of love—
To send a sunbeam from above
To warm my idol fair:
But kind hearts told me she was dead—
"Oh, God, be merciful," I said;
That was my only prayer.

This very spring, this blooming spring,
Our bridal was to be
I never saw a spring so drear;
They say the singing birds are here,
And flow'rets star the lea.
They say the sunshine makes all glad;
I know one bosom that is sad—
Oh, sad as it can be!
And April blooms and summer skies
Look dismal to his tearful eyes—
He hears no songs of glee.

I have a bride, a bonny bride!
Though she is far from me,
And, 'mid the blest that bear no stain,
Whose foreheads wear the Holy Name,
She's waiting now for me.
And often in the hush of night,
Hope makes my spirit's chamber bright,
And then my love I see.
Her brow is fairer, and her eye
More bright than ere it closed to die,
Yet still it smiles on me.
Oh! how I yearn for death to come,
And give to me the Heaven-home,
Where Mary waits for me.

Original Novelet.

ZILLAH: THE CHILD-MEDIUM.

A TALE OF SPIRITUALISM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, By Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER IV.

It was a fearful, wild dream. The dews of terror started to the girl's forehead, yet, though she exerted her very life to cry aloud, her voice died away in low, husky whispers.

Something clutched her sleeve,—she turned to look,—good heaven, it was the long white fingers of Belshazzar's ghostly visitant! Mist enveloped the snowy, spiritual wrist, mist hid all but the long, unearthly fingers! With a cry of terror, Rachel started suddenly up, rubbing her bewildered eyes, and staring very intently at a shaggy, elfish apparition at her bedside. It was a little girl, some six or eight years old, still in her night clothes, her unkempt hair straggling over a very sleepy and unwashed face.

"Please, ma'am," she said, ceasing tugging at the sleeve, as she perceived Rachel to be broad awake, "please, ma'am, you're to dress me."

"Dress you," Rachel repeated in surprise.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Who sent you to ask me, my little girl?"

"Mrs. Griscomb, ma'am. She said I was to go ake the new governess and tell her to dress us."

"*Us?*"

"The juniors, ma'am; there's only seven f us."

"Only seven!" the new governess repeated in mmay; "is there no one else to do this for you, y dear?"

"No,—Miss Porter always did, but she's gone ow."

"And who is Miss Porter?"

"The other teacher,—the old one, ma'am."

With a deep sigh the new one arose.

"Where is the juniors' room?"

"In the second story, the third door from the alrs."

"Very well, I will be down directly." The ild withdrew, and casting one lingering look of gret at her comfortable couch, Rachel began to ess. The occupants of the three other beds re still slumbering; she made her toilet as eedily and noiselessly as possible, and went to id her aid to the unfortunate juniors.

For almost an hour thereafter she was busied th rendering "only" seven little faces presentble, arranging seven little heads of hair, and bing seven little bodies. A weary, weary hour was, and when she had tied the last apron string, d could feel herself free again, she donned her net, determining on a hasty walk in the schoolounds, which she had remarked the day before be extensive and inviting in appearance. This l nursery duty struck her as something unnal, and she mentally resolved to rebel against or the future.

The morning was slightly foggy, yet bore the promise of a clear noon. It was cool, yet balmy l pleasant. The numerous fir trees throughout garden emitted a spicy odor that was both reeable and invigorating. The air was strongly pregnated with it, and it affected the young girl's rits like actual stimulus. She forgot her weari-, and ran gaily down an avenue formed by a of these trees, and a tall, lilac hedge just rting into bloom, towards a rustic observatory its extremity.

Involuntarily she thought crossed her mind, how l her life changed since that day one twelventh before? Then she was a careless, uniform- girl, almost a child in years, certainly a child in rt. Now, alas, too well she knew herself to become a woman through her experiences of and sorrow, two words which with many are onymous. Likewise was she a laborer for her bread. She did not spurn the idea of work, for a sphere of noble action had never been uninviting; she rejoiced in the independence thus bestowed on her movements (what woman has not had at some time of her life a latent longing for independent liberty?) but she also dreaded actual drudgery, and in the faint glimpse she had had of the routine of her new existence lurked a prophecy of drudgery of the most hopeless and abject order. A regretful and bitter sigh came welling to her lips, as she thought of the old, careless days at the Mapleburst farm, when she and Fred played at hide-and-seek in the hay, and never knew a care; but in a sudden mood of resolutive calmness she quelled it.

"I will not," she said, mentally, "begin my pilgrimage with weak murmurs against Fate. I will take life as it comes,—as God sends it,—brightening it if I can, or, if that is not to be, *I can endure.*"

The whole garden grew magically greener as she made this resolve, even the echo of her feet along the gravel path seemed music,—Rachel Ollo knew she had touched upon the true secret of happiness.

Reaching the observatory she mounted the steps to the little tower, to take a hasty glimpse of the country around her future home. What was her surprise on nearing the head of the steps to find the room already occupied by William Griscomb, who, bending over a small table, appeared to be busy sketching,—drawing materials, paper, pencils, crayons being scattered before him. So intent was he on his employment that Rachel thought her abrupt apparition was unnoticed. She was cautiously descending, glad of the escape, when in no very promising tone he called out,

"You! come back here."

"I may be wanted at the Lodge. It is time I should return," was the answer that met him from the foot of the stairs. The young girl was hastening onward, when he said, rather more pleasantly,

"I want you to look at a sketch of the school. Really now I should like your opinion."

Seeing that Rachel hesitated still, the deformed boy caught up a graceful handful of early violets from the table, and leaned nodding over the balustrade, holding them towards her as though to offer their acceptance.

"Will you come now?"

"Yes."

It was too great a temptation. she was unable to resist the dewy beauty of those little, home-reminding flowers. No sooner had she entered the tower, however, than coolly locking the door to prevent her egress, and replacing the flowers on the table, he chuckled out,

"Ah, ha, I thought they would bring you! And now what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Nothing, excepting that you must show me your drawing quickly, for your mother will be vexed at my absence from prayers. She told me last night they were at seven."

"What if they are? There is a good half hour to spare before seven o'clock, and now I've got you I mean to keep you."

He threw down his crayons, laid himself back in his chair, and regarded his visitor from head to foot. She saw that it was worse than useless to cope with an obstinate, eccentric creature like this: only by her new creed of patience could she hope to succeed with him.

"Well," he said, never once removing his eyes, "how do you like your new place, miss—miss—I forget your name?"

"Very well," she said, trying to return his fixed gaze with one equally steady.

"That's a lie."

"You must not speak so to me," said Rachel, her eyes flashing indignantly; "I will not bear it from you. If you have anything to tell me, say it as you should, and I will hear you, but—however, I do not care. When you use language like that, you injure yourself far more than me."

The lad smiled scornfully.

"That's all very fine, but you know it's so."

"What is so?"

"That I just said."

"That I do not like St. Mary's Lodge?"

"Yes."

"You are mistaken; I *do* like it very much indeed. This is a lovely part of the country, and the Lodge itself is a fine, picturesque building.—Let me see how you make it appear on paper."

He slid his drawing from under her hand.

"The country is pleasant enough, and so is the Lodge, for that matter; but that is not what I mean, nor you either. It's the *people* I spoke of, and you know it, too, so don't deceive either yourself or me. Deception is as indecent a thing, in my opinion, as bad language."

Confused with the manner in which he fastened her down to the evaded question, alighting on the prevarication like a hawk on a young chicken, she tried to get him from the subject by suddenly holding out her hand for the sketch again.

"Come, let me see the drawing,—I am in haste."

"Presently, not yet. Sit down."

Rachel thought it best to comply.

"You are a spicy little piece, and I rather like you. You haven't treated me very well, either to-day or yesterday, but out of the pure kindness of my heart, I think I'll tell you a thing or two that may help to get you in the good graces of the old lady. I say 'get you in,' because, although you may have been in at first, you are not now. Can you tell why?"

"I do not know what you are talking of, and I am inclined to imagine you do not yourself. Yes, you have shaded that gable end very well, but do you not think this cloud to the right should be a trifle lighter, and more broken at the edges?"

With a vexatious movement he turned the sketch face downward on the table.

"Will you listen to me, or will you not?"

"I will, certainly."

"Very well, then. Take your eyes off those violets, and look at me. I am three times as well worth staring at, I can tell you. The other governess was a strong, able-bodied woman, twice your size and age, but not half as competent to take care of herself, I fancy, as you, poor and crazy as you are. You have a dash of the devil about you, that will help you along amazingly in resenting anything like imposition. The other was a weak-minded thing, who hardly knew if her soul was her own, and so it didn't stay her own very long. You need not open your eyes in that way; the hoofed gentleman I just mentioned did not run away with it. I believe I told you once before, Miss ——."

"Ollo," said Rachel, opportunely.

"Don't interrupt. I told you once before that I do not object to you, and so, if such a thing is possible in an establishment under my lady-mother's charge, I should like to keep you out of trouble. I rather guess you have had your share of that already—therefore, listen: In the first place, avoid Richard Godwin as you would the very dickens. The old lady is steering on that track herself; give her a clear course, don't interfere, and you'll be a thousand times better off than if you did." He ended with a short, keen laugh.

"Give me the key," said Rachel, in that unnaturally calm tone that forbodes passion, flushing scarlet in the endeavor to keep down her displeasure.

"Going?" he asked, without stirring hand or foot. "Really, now, that's too bad. Do stay a little longer. You cannot imagine how lonely I feel out here o'mornings, or you would have compassion, and not deprive me of your company so soon."

"Give me the key, this instant," she said, trembling with a rising anger that was fast passing the limits of control.

"Well, now, that *is* prime!" William Henry Griscomb exclaimed, capering around the room, apparently in an ecstasy of delight. "I've got my wish—she's wrathy, and a lovely front view I have of her, too! I hardly expected to be gratified so soon." He paused in his antics, and made a deep, burlesque bow. "Please accept, charming Mademoiselle Ollo, the distinguished marks of my gratitude, for your kindness in obliging me so speedily. I shall feel uneasy until I can repay you in your own coin."

He took up his pencils, deliberately placed paper before him, and began a hasty likeness of poor Rachel's irritated face. A few sketchy dashes completed it, and he promptly held it up to view, with a broad grin upon his queer countenance, and his usual nod of satisfaction.

Despite her vexation, and her desire to get away, Rachel could not but laugh outright at the droll cleverness of the caricature.

"Good, isn't it?" he asked. "I've hit you off to a T. Now that you know what *you* look like, when in a passion, take my advice, and never try your hand at a second edition. It is enough to frighten anybody into fits to see you. If I were not a person of extraordinary nerves, I should have fainted on the spot. I'll be generous, and present it to you; hang it in your room, and look at it every morning, as a reminder."

"Mr. Griscomb, if you do not release me immediately—"

"Oh, don't threaten, for mercy's sake, don't threaten. Put on your most bewitching smile, and ask in your most agreeable manner, and I vow I shall have to yield, whether I choose or not! Come, it is worth the trial."

"I shall do nothing of the kind; I cannot feign amiability, when I am tormented in this way."

"Oh, very well—as you please. Sit down, then, and take it easy, for you and I may have to pass the morning together—pleasantly, no doubt!"

He resumed his drawing. Rachel was ready to weep, between anger and anxiety to return to the Lodge, but she resolved to endure her martyrdom with every external show of indifference, Hoping by such means to effect her ultimate escape. A book—"Geraldine Endsor Jewsbury's Zoe," lay on the table. She took it up, and endeavored to read. She had succeeded in riveting her attention on one of the many charming passages with which that work abounds, when a singular sound, half snort, half gasp, made her glance rapidly from the book to her companion. That one glance revealed a frightful sight. William Griscomb's head was fallen forward on his broad, ill-shapen chest, and his face, where it was visible under his shaggy hair, was of a deep, livid purple. The pencil had dropped from his fingers, and a white frothy substance oozed from his lips, and scattered over the table. His breath came hard and quick, as though tossed from him by mortal agony.

Rachel sprang from her seat and tried to raise his head, but with heavy, unconscious powerlessness, it returned to its unnatural position. She called him frantically—she shouted his name in his ear, and received no answer but the same dreadful gasp of senselessness.

Almost paralyzed, she stood trying to calm herself sufficiently to think what she must do. Seldom had she endured such exquisite pain as that occasioned by the effort to collect her thoughts. Her brain was on fire;—she could not bring her ideas into subjection. Presently with nervous, strong exertion, she cast off the singular sensation, and flew to the door for the purpose of procuring immediate assistance. It was locked. She shook it, she shrieked aloud and listened for the reply that never came. She remembered seeing the poor lad take the key, but where he had put it she could not now tell. In bewildered haste she scattered about the papers on the table, but the key was not among them; she searched on the floor, and it was not there. Meanwhile her companion had slipped from his chair, and at that moment writhed on the ground in convulsive spasms that came and went with fearful precision. Bending over him, Rachel placed one hand on the livid forehead, while with the other she penetrated the pockets of his garments, emptying their contents hastily out. Alas, the key was not to be discovered. A second and a third time she examined them, and with the same success. Oh, what could she, what must she do, prisoners as they both were by the poor deformed's own perversity. Again to call for help was useless; the observatory was too far removed from the Lodge for her voice to be heard. She was, however, on the point of making the attempt, in the hope, if she again failed to attract attention at the school, that some one in the adjacent gardens might hear her cries, when, to her great joy, she saw the end of the key protruding from the clenched, stiff hand of her late tormentor. Uttering an involuntary exclamation of grateful surprise, she knelt once more by the shuddering form of the prostrate boy, and endeavored to take it from his grasp, but his hand had the rigidity of a marble statue's. Concentrate all her waning strength as she would, she could not for one instant unbend those icy fingers from the precious key: they remained locked, cold, lifeless as ever.

"Mr. Griscomb,—William Henry," she cried, "for God's sake open your hand."

No reply.

"Loosen it,—oh, loosen the key, I implore you!"

She might as well have spoken to walls of rock; and she renewed her efforts to obtain it from him. It moved—it certainly yielded! but no, the stony hand was firmer than before, and with the force of the tightened clasp, the nails penetrated deeply into the smooth palm. Rachel sank back despairingly.

"Miss Ollo open the door, quick, quick, open the door!"

She heard some one battering violently against the panels, and through the glass enclosure of the observatory she beheld Mr. Godwin standing on the platform at the head of the stairs.

"Oh, I cannot, I cannot—it is locked."

"Undo it then! For God's sake don't hesitate. Every moment is of vital importance to that perishing boy."

"He has the key in his fingers, I cannot make him let it go."

"Stand out of the way then," he said hoarsely. With a few blows from his doubled hands the upper half of the door, which was of glass, was shivered to atoms, and before Rachel recovered from her astonishment, Mr. Godwin had bounded through the opening, and was raising the sick boy in his arms.

"Go to the house," he said, "and tell them. I will be there with the boy as soon as I can."

As well as she was able she scrambled through the broken entrance, and sprang down the stairs.

"Stop, Miss Ollo, stop, Mr. Godwin's voice rang out, and Rachel returned immediately. She found him at the door striving to burst the lock.

"Be tender with the poor mother. That is all."

CHAPTER V.

This sudden illness occasioned a great change in the household of St. Mary's Lodge.

With an utter forgetfulness of self, which those who knew her best would least have expected, Mrs. Griscomb watched day and night by the sick bed of her only child. Rest, comfort, sleep, all were sacrificed on the altar of maternal love; there was nothing too great for the power of endurance with which she seemed to be endowed, —no amount of fatigue abated her zeal, or revealed the slightest taint of insincerity in that great love for her poor deformed boy, which was the redeeming point of her hard nature, rendered pitiless perhaps by the circumstances of her life. Mrs. Griscomb had appeared to Rachel, unlike in all her ways to other women. Everything she had done in the brief space of their acquaintance had been different from that which others would have done, and now her openly displayed affection for her afflicted child likewise had an air of originality. It was neither tender, calm, nor patient, although both deep and all suffering. It was a strong, passionate, vehement emotion, like that of an infuriated tigress for her wounded young. Never was greater contrast presented than that between this mother and son, she, a fair, beautiful woman, he, dwarfed, grotesque, deformed.

As I have said, a great change fell upon the household of St. Mary's Lodge, an inward, purifying change with Mrs. Griscomb, an external one with her pupils. For the time Miss Ollo became the acting head of the establishment. This authority could scarcely have fallen into worse hands, from the fact that the inexperienced young girl knew nothing of the regulated discipline of the school routine. She had the wisdom, however, to determine that a moment's hesitation in deliberate action would at once lessen whatever respect her forty pupils might entertain for her, therefore she grasped the helm with a boldness which, if assumed, was at least a creditable counterfeit. As she had foreseen everything lay in beginning well, by degrees she won the confidence of her various classes, and perhaps a trifle of love besides. Beyond the aid she received from the few occasional teachers of the establishment, counsel and help she had none, and all the assistance bestowed on her labors by Mrs. Griscomb was the mere effect of her presence, as she swept daily through the school, to and from the sick room of her son. Some weeks passed thus. Rachel's physical health was such as scarcely enabled her to bear the burden of onerous duties. Many a time she flung herself on her bed at night too fatigued to disrobe, or find in slumber the refreshment her exhausted frame required. She contrived, however, to better her condition somewhat by taking the earliest opportunity of informing Mrs. Griscomb that a nursery-maid was required in the "Juniors' department," and thus rid herself of the tiresome tasks inflicted on her by the seven. Meantime she had heard nothing from home. Her two aunts had never written a letter in their lives, and circumstances were not sufficiently pressing to call forth their epistolary powers now, though Rachel longed for tidings from them, as a famishing prisoner longs for bread and liberty.

From Freeland Ogilvie, too, no line reached her either in kindness or anger, and this more than all gave Rachel great unhappiness. But labor, labor, labor, gave her little time for solitary reflection on the subject. Her aunt Alice Hawthorne would have lost all fear of an attack from a certain evil gentleman, could she have known of her daily industry. Rachel had fancied that Mr. Ogilvie would immediately follow her to Lyster. Fully prepared as she was for a triumphant display of girlish tyranny, had he done so, this utter neglect wounded her the more. Sometimes she thought her ungenerous flight deserved such punishment, and then perhaps her next idea was of the perfect justice of that flight to herself as well as to him.

Day after day and evening after evening went by with their usual round of studies, and William Henry Griscomb was still dangerously ill. Rachel was becoming very weary of the monotony of her existence, when unexpectedly an incident occurred which gave her such food for thought and conjecture, that for a whole day she actually forgot to be miserable.

It was study hours. Around the long table sat the forty pupils busy with charts and books. The room was filled with light and shadow from the many lamps, whose flames vibrated in the soft breeze from the open windows. Rachel had taken from the well-filled case, at one extremity of the room, a fantastic religious novel, and was wondering over the strained morality that obtruded on every page, almost to the insult of the reader's understanding, when earlier than his wont, Mr. Godwin entered; every evening he visited the Lodge, to close the day with prayer and a chapter from the Book of Life. He held by the hand a little child, who it needed not a second glance to inform Rachel was Zillah, her little travelling companion. Zillah, the same, and yet changed too. She should have known her uncommon and unchild-like face however among a thousand. Although very pale, and much thinner than when she had first seen her, she could not be mistaken. There was something about the little creature then, as before, that attracted Rachel greatly. Her face was so expressively and sadly beautiful, despite a pair of very laughing blue eyes, that a sensation of compassion drew the young teacher towards her. But it was not compassion alone. Long, disordered masses of soft brown curls hung partly over her forehead and far down her shoulders, which where bare and very white. She held her bonnet in her hands and played with the strings, now and then casting furtive glances about the room from under the dark, curving lashes of her shy, averted eyes, from which an occasional tear rolled, glistening over her cheeks. She was not at all like a child. There was too painful a foretaste of the woman in the mournfulness hovering around the mouth. Her clothing also, was inappropriate to childhood, and very oddly arranged. Rachel half suspected she had been her own dressing maid, for that day at least; and she avoided a smile, because she knew the child's precocious perceptions would detect both it and its cause, at the little frock worn reversed fashion, with the back fastened over the bosom, and the front turned behind. Around her neck was a woman's collar, and a small handkerchief was pinned at her side in folds, the precision of which would not have done discredit to a Quakeress.

Mr. Godwin's manner, on this evening, was even more than usually singular. Immediately on entering, he seated himself in an obscure corner of the room, and placing the child upon his knee, abstractedly knit his brows in silence that no one dared to be the first to break—for there was not a living creature at the school, with the exception of Mrs. Griscomb herself, but stood in great awe of the Rev. Richard Godwin. Yet he was never unkind; perhaps he was one of those who carry to too great an extent the hauteur of good breeding, mingling sternness and pride with that which should be characteristic of the perfection of nature.

At last, Mr. Godwin put aside his little companion, crossed the room, and leaning over the back of Rachel's chair, said, with the eccentricity to which she was gradually becoming accustomed,

"Miss Ollo, I have brought you a new Idea. Look at it and tell me what you think of its capacity to shoot. It's a queer Idea, but rather original, I think. Give it room to expand, and you will have no trouble."

He did not smile; no Judge could have been graver.

"Come here, Zillah," he said, holding out his hand to the child, who obeyed at once with a sweet, puzzled look on her innocent face. "Be kind to her," Mr. Godwin said with a touch of feeling in his voice; "for she is motherless!"

"I am not!" the little creature cried boldly, but strangely enough, without so much as a glance at him; "my mother is a pretty woman, and I love her. I will go back to her to-morrow."

"Zillah," Mr. Godwin said gravely, "your mother is dead, as I told you. I have brought you here to live. You will try and be a good child, will you not, Zillah?"

She answered by a flood of tears that awoke a chorus of sympathizing exclamations from forty mouths, the eyes to match having taken in the scene with large displays of irrepressible curiosity.

"She is *not* dead; my pretty, nice mamma; take me home! oh, take me home!" burst convulsively from little Zillah.

Mr. Godwin stood regarding her with that peculiar, perplexed expression with which men usually look upon tears.

"Home! poor child, you never had any!"

He outspread his arms, she flung herself in the proffered embrace, sobbing brokenly as he stroked her long curls.

"Then she is really to remain here?" Rachel said, inquiringly.

"Yes, I will send her trunk to-morrow."

"What is her name?"

"You have heard—Zillah."

The words, the tone, impressed Rachel like evasion.

"Zillah! surely that is not all?" she persisted.

He looked down upon her tenderly as she lay weeping in his arms, and softly uttered,

"Zillah O'Brian."

A delicate, shadowy smile appeared on the child's lips as he pronounced the words.

"Mamma's name, too?" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he answered, abruptly, and he was again the self-possessed man of the world, as cold, as impassible as before. Placing Zillah in a seat, he took his accustomed place, and began the service for the night. And when prayer was spoken, that little child knelt and clasped her hands with the rest, raising her large eyes wonderingly. Someway Rachel's imagination was so excited, that she should not have been surprised to behold wings unfold from her white, nude shoulders, and see her poise herself for a flight heavenward.

Rachel sat in the dining-room long after prayers were over, and the scholars were dismissed. She sat in the dining-room with her religious novel before her, endeavoring to arrive at some conclusion respecting its merit—a pair of smiling child-eyes glimmering on every page. The book was a strange one. It repelled while it fascinated; as often as she was tempted to fling it aside, so often some striking, artistic wording enticed her to proceed. She was compelled to acknowledge that here and there a vein of pure gold glittered through the drone; perhaps the best proof of the charm of the book's literary workmanship was the fact that she could not persuade herself to relinquish it for sleep, although her eyes drooped in leaden weariness.

The door opened slowly and noiselessly. She did not hear it, but she sat before it and looked up at the unexpected movement, starting in astonishment as she saw little Zillah O'Brian entering the room, clad in her white night-dress, her eyes closed, and her hands tightly folded over her breast. The draught from the open door nearly extinguished the lamps, and swept her long robe flutteringly about her small bare feet.

"Zillah!" she called; "Zillah!"

She did not seem to hear, but walked rapidly around the apartment, avoiding all articles of furniture as readily as though her shut eyelids did not obscure vision.

Rachel touched her arm, attempting to draw her towards her, but with one brief, imperious gesture, the child flung the hand from her, as though contact with it gave her the most exquisite misery. Her movements were altogether unconstrained, and at times graceful. Her face had an impassible sternness, greatly at variance with its natural innocent loveliness; it had neither the color nor the expression of life, but reminded one of beautiful Art-features carved by the hand of a master.

At last Zillah paused in her walk around the room, and stood silently before Rachel's chair. Turning her still unclosed eyes towards her, she said, with a form of expression far above her years, and much sadness of enunciation:

"God created this beautiful earth! And why? Was it that evil should enter it to destroy it forever? Was it to make it the abode of sin and sorrow? No, no!"

Her childish voice rang out here like a clarion.

"All things work together for good, and man, in the end, shall be saved. What seems a chaos of despair shall be wrought into everlasting happiness!"

She broke off abruptly, and, with wild, frantic gestures, made passes either side of her head; an action frequent in professed "Mediums" when entranced. It is believed among Spiritualists to possess the power of casting the subject into a profounder trance, and, although perfectly involuntary, to prevent likewise the interruption of external and natural influences.

Zillah's breathing gradually became so loud and convulsive, that Rachel grew alarmed. It was late in the night, however, and she did not like to alarm the large household by calling for assistance; besides, William Griscomb's room was situated on the same floor, and she shrank from disturbing his feverish and unequal slumber, which, unrefreshing as it might have been to a person in vigorous health, was an invaluable aid to his ultimate recovery. Therefore she satisfied herself with her own exertions.

She attempted to take Zillah's fragile form in her arms, for the purpose of carrying her back to her room, and was much astonished to find herself repulsed with a strength and force far superior to her own. Scarcely without a struggle the child set herself at liberty, the fixed gripe of her fingers leaving purple traces on Rachel's shoulder as she did so. No sooner was she released, than clasping her hands again on her breast, she said, in a totally different strain from her first utterance:

"Why do you persist in believing this little child to be a somnambulist? Are you afraid to put faith in the thought of departed souls revisiting the earth? She is no somnambulist, but a Spiritual Medium, and entranced. I am the spirit of her mother. It will not be long before she follows me to the spheres of the upper world; her young soul is already hesitating between heaven and earth. I entreat you to deal gently with her while she remains with you, and teach her that death is but a sweet sleep from which all awaken to a life that progresses towards immortal perfection."

Were not this an age of wonders, belief perhaps should not be expected; as it is, there can be no hesitation in chronicling this strange incident and those that follow it.

As Zillah ceased speaking, her hands fell listlessly at her side, and her lips quivered with faint, tremulous motion. A few moments of intensest silence passed. Rachel could hear the throbbings of her heart, as with a deep sigh of weariness, Zillah slowly opened her eyes, a soft radiance dawning on her face when she beheld her friend. It came, and was gone instantly, like a ray of light passing through darkness.

"Who brought me down here? My feet are cold, and I do not like it. I feel afraid; has any one been here?"

"No one but you and me; and now I will take you back," Rachel answered, wrapping a shawl around her and lifting her in her arms. She shivered, and acquiesced silently. Rachel carried her up the long flight of stairs and laid her by her slumbering mate.

"Now, Zillah, will you kiss me good-night?"

It was some time before she answered; and with reverent awe that was inexplicable to herself, Rachel stood waiting for a word from this strange child. At last she gave it.

"Oh, yes!"

A little arm passed over her neck as their lips met, and immediately she sank back on the pillow asleep, tears rolling quietly down her sweet pale cheeks. Poor, homeless, motherless Zillah!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"WHEN IGNORANCE IS BLISS."—A friend of the late Dr. Magian, dining with him, was praising the fine flavor of his wine, and begged to be informed of the merchant's name. "Oh, I get it from the London Tavern, a house close by, just as I happen to want it," replied the host. "Indeed!" said the other, "a capital cellar, unquestionably; but have you not to pay rather an extravagant price?" "I don't know—I don't know," returned the doctor; "I believe they put down something in a book."

☞ A learned man of Naples, Mariorelli, occupied himself for two years in writing an enormous memoir in order to prove that the ancients were unacquainted with the use of glass for windows; and fifteen days after the publication of his folio, a house was discovered in Pompeii, all the windows of which were paned with glass.

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;
OR,
THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

The next morning, after they had risen, made the bed, set the room in order, washed and dressed themselves, they went to examine Theodora's picture. It was spread out on the oak chest, and they sat or rather *knelt* in judgment upon it. It was a sketch of Henri de Navarre, at the battle of Ivry, taken at the moment he is in the act of saying to his followers—"Soldiers! if your colors are taken, rally to my white plume! You will always find it in the path to glory!" or, as Macaulay beautifully renders it—

—"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amid the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

"Well Vivia, what do you think of it?"

"It is a fine subject for the pencil, my little hero-worshipper."

"Ah! that is what I feel deep in my soul! but I cannot do it, you see! that's what breaks my heart! and the principal figure, my hero on horseback, flourishing his fighting falchion and cheering his hosts is the greatest failure. The horse looks more like a donkey in a fit of St. Vitus's dance, than the mettlesome, snorting war horse that I intended to make. And my hero has been in turn a sulky man, a wild man, a sick man, and a mad-man, as I have worked at him—for when I tried to make him look firm, he only looked stolid; when I changed that, and tried to make him look enthusiastic and inspiring, he only looked crazy and dangerous; and now, after working myself into a fever, you see what I have turned out—a lunatic riding on a donkey that has been bit by a tarantula! I could laugh, if my heart wasn't half broken by this failure."

"It is not a failure—it a very well imagined picture—though it might be better in its execution; still, a very few striking touches will remedy its defects. It is a wonderful work for you, at your age, Theodora, and gives promise of great things in the future. For what little girl, not quite thirteen years old, unless she had great genius, would dare to imagine such a subject as this of your picture, and venture even to realize it upon paper? Give me your pencil, and I will show you what you meant."

Theodora handed the required instrument, and Vivia studied the picture before her, touching it slightly once, then studying carefully for a while, then touching it again, then studying, then touching, until a quarter of an hour had passed, during which she never looked up from the picture, which she had not touched more than half a dozen times—she seemed to be chary of her pencil strokes, reflecting how to make them as few as possible, and to place them where they would *tell* best, and bring out the hidden soul of the rough sketch. Her own face was as beautiful as an angel's while she bent over this work of love.

"There, Theodora! that is what you meant, dear," she said, at last, holding up the picture.

An exclamation of surprise and delight burst from the lips of Theodora.

"Oh! dear, Vivia, the very idea! it lives! it moves! but everything you touch lives! how did you do it?

"I believe I only deepened some of your own touches to bring out certain points of the picture in greater relief."

Theodora smiled delightedly, and then drawing another sketch from her simple portfolio, laid it over the first one, and waited the result.

"Rose Garland's likeness!" said Vivia.

"Yes! I am so glad you knew it!"

"I could not miss knowing it, though it has a more beautiful expression than Rose—you could not help idealizing, if you would."

"Has it any expression? it seems to me to be a blank, dumb likeness."

"It seems so only compared to the picture you have in your mind's eye—lend me the pencil again—may I touch this?"

"Oh, dear Vivia! how could you ask me? You may do what you please with me, and all I possess!" exclaimed Theodora, embracing her friend, and giving her the pencil.

About five minutes Vivia studied the likeness, touching it only with three or four well placed strokes, and then she handed it to Theodora, saying,

"There, dear, is that what you have in your mind?"

"How did you do that, Genevieve?" exclaimed Theodora, joyfully, seeing that with these few strokes Vivia had brought the picture to life.

"I don't quite know, but I want you to watch me next time, to be able to do it yourself."

"Why it seems to me that you just touch the corners of the mouth, and it smiles; and the eyelids, and the eyes lighten; and add a stroke to the shadows of a curl, and it waves on the breeze! How do you do it?"

"I cannot tell! watch me, and learn," said Vivia. "Show me another."

Theodora took out a third sketch and laid it over the other two.

"Doctor Throgmorton! Idealizing again! He looks like a Coriolanus, Dora!"

"Oh! the face is like enough, but it is just as dumb as the others. Take your magic wand and make it speak, dear Vivia, while I look on and try to learn the spell."

"This needs only the lines deepened, and the features pointed off, thus, look!" said Vivia, taking the pencil and touching the picture at two or three points to bring out the character.

"That is himself!" exclaimed Theodora, joyously. "I almost expect to hear him tell me to get out of his way!" she added, laughing.

"Now, Dora, do you know what I am going to do to-day?" asked Vivia, seriously.

"No! what?"

"I am going to take these portraits down stairs and show them to the family."

"Oh, no! oh, please don't! they would make so much fun of me and my work!" cried Theodora, in real distress.

"Suppose I were to assure you that they would not? Theodora, they have not the slightest suspicion of your real genius for art. And they ought to know it. You require facilities for improvement that I believe they would cheerfully afford you. Shall I not take them down now?"

"Just as you please, dear Genie; we can see the result."

So Vivia rolled up the two portraits, and when the breakfast bell rang she took them down. And afterwards, when the family were assembled in the front parlor, she unrolled the sketches, and placed the portrait of Rose Garland before its original.

"What's this? dear me, my likeness! where did it come from? Who did it? I shouldn't wonder if it was that fellow Castlemaine that sent me the souvenir! it couldn't have been him either! Where did you get it, Genevieve?"

"Do you think it good?" asked Vivia.

"Why, it's splendid!" exclaimed Miss Rose, who was not very exact in her application of words. "Splendid! but how came you by it?"

"Theodora drew it from memory."

"Theodora? tut! she couldn't," sneered Rose; "but who *did*?"

"Indeed, Miss Garland, Theodora drew it; and when you have done looking at that—"

"Done looking at this! why, child, do you suppose I am going to let it pass out of my possession? the only 'counterfeit presentment' of my face I ever had in my life?" said Rose, half in jest, half in earnest.

"I was going to say, Miss Garland, that when you have done looking at it, I can show you another portrait, equally well done by the same hand; here it is," said Vivia, laying the other before her.

"Papa-doctor!" exclaimed Rose, taking and gazing at it in astonishment. "Mother! papa-doctor! come here! do come here! here is a mystery!"

The doctor and his wife came to see what was the matter. The portraits were shown, their authorship revealed, and the family were astonished, and the work praised to the heart's content of Vivia.

"Poor little miserable, I knew she was always wearing up lead pencils, and getting them sharpened, until papa-doctor had mercy on her, and on himself, too, and gave her a cheap pen-knife! but I had no idea of *this*. I wonder who had kept her in pencils and paper?"

No one answered, no one knew except Vivia, and she gave no information; but only said,

"I think, Doctor Throgmorton, that your niece has a very high degree of talent for art, and that she ought to have every advantage in cultivating it."

"And she shall, she shall," said the doctor, slowly and thoughtfully; contemplating, with much satisfaction his own idealized portrait, which, perchance, might have suggested the idea that such a remarkably noble looking man ought to behave well. Then he smoothed out the portraits, and went and placed them carefully in a portfolio of engravings that ornamented a centre-table in the drawing-room.

And where in the meantime was Theodora? To avoid this scene, the timid creature had stolen away from the breakfast-table, and without approaching the parlor had hastened to the garret, whither Vivia soon followed her with the favorable verdict of the critics below, and with the promise of Doctor Throgmorton that she should have every advantage for the cultivation of her talent. Of course Theodora was delighted, and thought that with those promised advantages, her success was secured.

And the doctor really meant what he said, though unfortunately he was only vaguely cognisant of what those pledged "facilities" ought to be. When he next went to Eyrie, he procured from the druggist there, who was also the fancy dealer, bookseller, and stationer of the village, a box of paints, a set of camel's hair pencils, and a supply of Bristol board, and presenting them to Theodora the next morning at breakfast, gave the girl almost the happiest day she had ever known in her life; and to her warm but shyly expressed thanks, he replied, good naturedly, that he would keep her supplied with materials, and that all she would have to do would be to go on and paint pictures enough to cover all the walls in the house.

Theodora had never drawn in colors, and the possession of her box of paints was a fresh stimulant, had she needed one; and she toiled indefatigably, sometimes with success and high enthusiasm, sometimes with failure and despondency, *always* with perseverance. Vivia came to her aid very often. This bright visitant would find her favorite—sometimes at the garret window, bowed down with cheeks burning like fire, over her work—sometimes in the old deserted garden-arbor, thrown down upon the grass, with her head supported by her arm, and an open book under her eyes. And always she brought her encouragement, life and light.

They had not been at the Sunset Hills for some weeks. One evening, when Vivia entered Theodora's attic, she found the girl perched upon the old oak chest, with her feet drawn up under her, in a more comfortable than graceful position, her elbows on the window sill, her chin on her hands, and her soft brown eyes contracted in the effort to see distinctly some distant object.

"Will you tell me, Vivia," she said, when the first greetings were over, "what that white segment of a circle is, over at the Sunset Hills? I never noticed it until this week, and I can only see it when, as now, it catches the last rays of the sun."

"That, my dear? Why, it is the rising walls of Mrs. Malmaison's new mansion-house. The contractor and builders have been at work there for a month past, and the walls are just rising into sight."

"Why, you don't say so!" exclaimed the girl, with great interest; "it will be a most beautiful place, but I am so surprised! why didn't you tell me before?"

"I took it for granted that you knew, as Doctor Throgmorton is Mrs. Malmaison's agent. I did not reflect that you were such an abstracted little dreamer."

"And that is the reason we have not been there lately?"

"Yes, dear; it is not a pleasant place to go to just now, with the litter of building materials, and the shanties of the workmen, and the drinking and noise and confusion. But by-and-bye it will be delightful. Mrs. Malmaison has directed the doctor to spare no expense in hastening the completion of the building; so the contractor has engaged a number of workmen, and promises that the mansion shall be ready for habitation upon the first of the new year."

"I had not heard a word of it."

"You mean you had not listened to a word, you little abstraction! Perhaps you have not heard either that Mrs. Malmaison is expected, in the course of a few weeks, to visit Mount Storm?"

"And to bring Austin?—yes, I have heard something of that, for aunt has had her suite of rooms opened and prepared."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ WORTH REMEMBERING.—It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us fat. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned. All this is very simple, but it is worth remembering.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,		$5.00 a year.
8 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	10,00 "
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20 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	20,00 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club and at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"THE MINIATURE" is pretty good, but unequally so. We give the best verse:

There was a time when things of earth
Had no true charms for me;
I counted gold but little worth,
So I could happy be.
There was a time when hopes were bright,
And all my joys were pure;
But all my hopes at last took flight,
And left this miniature.

SNOW BREAD.—We cannot say from experimental knowledge how this is made, but have no doubt that the snow is mixed in as you would beaten eggs—the last thing before cooking. It may be used for batter puddings instead of eggs, though where eggs are so cheap as they are in Ohio that is no object. The virtue is in the ammonia of new fallen snow. Confectioners use ammonia extensively in making sponge-cake to save eggs. We do not know whether snow would answer the purpose for that article or not.

"MANY SUBSCRIBERS" will be pleased to learn that the sentiments of the Post respecting Abbott's *Romance* of Napoleon, are the sentiments probably of the great majority of educated men, in all portions of the country. As to the quasi endorsement of Mr Abbott's book by our Minister at Paris, they should not consider that of any very great importance. To be sure, it is not pleasant to see an American Envoy do anything that bears the least appearance of sanctioning the character either of the great or the present Napoleon; but probably Mr. Mason is an obliging old gentleman, who would be pleased to comply with the wish of a fellow-American, even in cases where it would be more discreet, not to say Republican, to give the applicant the very coldest kind of a shoulder.

J. B. W. The State of Pennsylvania never repudiated any portion of her public debt. Some years ago, when the times were very hard, she did not pay her interest for a while; but even said interest was not repudiated, but funded as so much extra debt. Sidney Smith, the witty English writer, gave vent to many sarcastic hits at the failure of the "drab-coated men of Pennsylvania" to pay their interest; and probably it is from some of his exaggerated charges, that the individual referred to acquired his erroneous notions. But Pennsylvania never repudiated either her debts, or the interest upon them—though she was compelled, at the time referred to, to ask for a short delay. Pennsylvanians, in another portion of the Union, or in a foreign land, have no occasion to blush for their native State, with reference to this matter.

THE BEST JOKE OF THE SEASON.—The seizure of the river boats and other property in Nicaragua belonging to the Transit Company, is certainly about the best joke of the season. The Transit Company are generally supposed to have been at the very bottom of the filibustering enterprise. Their steamships carried Walker and his men to the Isthmus, and they are reputed to have aided him with the "sinews of war." Their main reason for planning this revolutionary scheme against the old Government of Nicaragua, is supposed to have been their desire to escape from the payment of about $800,000 due, or alleged to be due, by the terms of their charter. Some seven years ago, it is said, they agreed to pay $10,000 annually for the privileges bestowed upon them, and ten per cent. of their net profits in addition. They further pledged themselves, it would appear, to build either a canal, railroad, or carriage road, within a certain period—but have not complied with their agreement. And so they thought they would settle their difficulties by overturning the Government—a scheme more remarkable for its boldness and originality, than for certain other virtues.

But Walker—finding, as it appears, considerable difficulty in maintaining himself, owing to the want of money to pay his troops; and finding moreover probably, that the Transit Company, having attained their own ends, cared no further about the welfare of their instruments—concluded he would give his old employers a practical lesson in the art of Filibustering. He accordingly—much to the satisfaction of the people of Nicaragua, no doubt—issued, through the nominal President, one proclamation declaring the charter of the Transit Company forfeited, and another ordering certain officers to take possession of all the property of the Company, as security for the amount due the government. The American owners of the stock, principally residents of New York, could hardly credit the news when they heard it—but there was no mistake, and the stock went down, down, amid the universal laughter of the community. Something like the frogs in the fable, not satisfied with the old government Log, they had themselves inaugurated a government STORK, and now he was gobbling them all up.

The moral of the story is:—When you unfetter the spirit of Lawless Rapacity, take care that your own property be carefully placed beyond its reach—for all is his own fish that comes into the Filibuster's net.

THE DANGER OF RASH OATHS.—The London Punch takes occasion to call to public recollection, the young Emperor of Russia's solemn declaration that he wished "that his right hand might be withered, if that hand should ever sign any treaty of peace by which any portion of Holy Russia should be ceded to an enemy!"

And yet, it seems probable now that he will have to sign a treaty, containing a greater or less cession of Russian territory.

But there will be no sin committed in violating such an oath—the sin was committed when he made it. All the oaths in the world should not bind a man's conscience to do what is wrong, or abstain from doing what is right.

The Scripture wisely commands:—Let your yea be yea, and your nay nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

AGRICULTURAL QUERIES.—A correspondent at Sweetland Centre, Iowa—what a lusciously sweet place that must be, the Centre of Sweet-land—wishes to know whether there is any method of packing butter in the spring and summer months, for winter's use, so as to keep as pure and sweet as the fresh made article.

Another correspondent wishes to know all about the planting and raising of the sweet potato.

AFFAIRS IN EUROPE.—The rumor that a dissolution of the Peace Congress was apprehended, in consequence of a suggestion of the Russian representatives, to refer a decision upon the Fifth Point to a Congress of all the Crowned Heads of Europe—is generally supposed to be a mere device of the stock-brokers. As the members of the Conference have pledged themselves to entire secrecy as to their proceedings, it is not probable that much will be known of their doings, until they either have completed their work, or separated in discord. The fact of the conclusion of an Armistice, to continue until the end of March, is an indication that there is much more earnestness in the endeavor to arrange a peace now, than there was at the Vienna Conference.

Mr. Buchanan has been dining with the Queen, and been invited to a banquet by the Lord Mayor of London, and the advices say that the excitement relative to a difficulty with this country has subsided. "All's well that ends well," we suppose.

The report that a quantity of broken cabin furniture had been seen by the steamer Edinburgh, on her way from New York, to Glasgow, did not cause much alarm in England as to the fate of the Pacific. The "ornamental doors with white handles" are common to most of the large packets. Still, it is almost needless to add, apprehension on this side of the water, is deepening gradually into despair—as day after day passes over, and nothing is heard of the missing steamship.

ANOTHER BOOK ON AMERICA.—One of Rachel's troupe, Mons. Beauvallet, announces his intention in a Paris paper, of publishing a book on the United States. He knows nothing of the English language—saw very little of the country—but doubtless knows that these are no disqualifications for writing a witty and malicious book. He says:—

And now, my dear Monsieur de Villemessant, do you not find, like me, that the moment is arrived to recount the Odyssey of French tragedy in America? I return from there with a volume of anecdotes, of histories, of gossip. A whole volume, you will see! I ought to avow it, however; it was partly for this that I went there. I had no intention of travelling twelve thousand miles in a multitude of countries, each one more fantastic than the other, to deliver myself up exclusively to the tirades of that grand Jocrisse who calls himself Hyppolite, and to that false date merchant who carries the name Bajazet? Oh, no!

I have written down everything—noted everything. And I beg you to believe that I have a terribly long story to narrate to you, since my letter to Roger de Beauvoir. (Letter which, par parenthesis, I thank you for having so very kindly inserted in your journal, and which has been reproduced over there in English, in Spanish, and probably in Modican and red-skin.)

Those good Yankees were furious against me, in the United States. One journal found it very strange that I should permit myself to say what I did on a country of which I did not even understand the language.

Incredible pretension, you will allow!

As if one was forced to learn English in order to have the right to see houses that are burning down, or people disembowel each other!

Altogether, I am delighted in having made the visit to North America, because that is a job finished, *and I shall not have to return there, thank God!*

I am delighted in having seen the Antilles and Florida, because those are really something splendid and marvelous!

I am delighted, in fine, and especially in finding myself once more in my good city of Paris, because, say what they choose, there is nothing but Paris, there never will be anything but Paris.

"Nothing but Paris—never will be anything but Paris!" What idle talk is this? Why Paris never heard Jenny Lind! Jenny Lind, the crown of the musical world, who has performed again and again in all the American cities! No wonder the Parisians think so much of Rachel—never having had an opportunity of hearing the incomparable Jenny Lind! Mons. Beauvallet—Is that the French for a *fine valet!* he writes like one—must try again.

THE PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTE FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.—The Annual Report of this excellent institution is before us. The plan of education appears to be as thorough as possible. We observe that in addition to ordinary school instruction, the workshops give employment to the boys two or three hours daily.

The girls are taught plain sewing and dressmaking, and are employed in housewifery. Habits of industry are thus formed, and the pupils are prepared for the duties and practical business of life. The hours of the day are apportioned between study, work, exercise and amusement.

The compositions of the pupils, of which specimens are given on various subjects, are wonderfully good.

As persons residing in other portions of the Union, are frequently desirous of knowing the terms of admission to the benevolent institutions of this city, we copy the following extract:—

By a rule of the institute, deaf and dumb children are not received under ten years of age.

The annual charge is one hundred and sixty dollars. For which sum everything necessary is provided, including the usual clothing of the institution, boarding, lodging, washing, tuition, stationery, and medical attendance: or one hundred and forty dollars per annum, in case the clothing is furnished by the parents or friends of the pupil. No deduction is made for vacation.

It is very desirable that the deaf and dumb should be taught to form letters with a pen or pencil, and if possible, to write the names of common objects, before they are sent to the institution.

This can be done without much difficulty, and will save much valuable time.

The most advantageous time for the admission of pupils, is the first of October in each year, and punctuality in this particular is important, as new classes are formed at this period.

Payments are expected to be made in advance every six months.

A GOOD LAW.—The Legislature of Kentucky has passed a law making all the cities and towns of the State responsible for property injured or destroyed therein by mobs. We know not whether the law applies to the counties also, but it should if it does not. Burning other people's property occasionally, seems to be a very pleasant amusement to most communities—but burning their own would be a very different matter. Nothing could be devised better calculated to array all the owners of property in a place against mob-violence, than this law to make those that dance "pay the piper." In Pennsylvania we already have a law of the character described—but we trust that those States which have not will follow the example of Kentucky.

SENDING LETTERS.—It is a violation of law to enclose to different addresses, two or more letters in one envelope, though more than one letter may be sent in one envelope to the same address. The Washington Union says it is surprising how there are so many persons ready to seek out ways of evading the payment of postage, though our rates now are the lowest of any country in the world.

It is surprising, we think, that any sensible government should make such a regulation as the above. Give liberty to send two letters, inclosed in one envelope, to the same address—but not to different addresses. Is it not the very quintessence of absurdity? It all comes however, probably, from sending too many lawyers, and too few practical men to Congress.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.—Our thanks are due to many of our contemporaries, for their favorable notices of the Post, its change of form, &c. The *West Greenville Revive* says:—

SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This favorite newspaper last week came out enlarged and in a new form. It is now a large quarto, and in its new dress presents a handsome appearance. We wish the enterprising publishers abundant success; they publish the best, as well as the handsomest family newspaper in the Union.

The *Newark (N. Y.) Journal* says:—

IMPROVEMENT.—The Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post comes to us this week enlarged, improved and in quarto form. It was formerly a first-rate paper, and now it is safe to say that it is the best literary family newspaper published in this country.

The *Western Vermont Transcript* says:—

The number of this old, sterling literary paper for March 8, 1856, comes to us in the quarto form—there being three prominent reasons why this form is preferable to the folio—it is more convenient to handle in reading, a better shape for preserving, and is suitable for binding. The quality of the paper is better, and the sheet is larger than the old folio.

The *Ocean Emblem (N. J.)* says:—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published at Philadelphia, comes to hand this week with a new head and otherwise very materially improved. This paper has heretofore been very extensively patronized, and justly esteemed one of the best literary journals of the country. And we have no doubt but that this improvement will enlist still stronger attachment from its numerous readers.

The *Advocate, Towsontown, Md.*, says:—

SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This Journal published at Philadelphia, comes to us greatly enlarged and in quarto form. This change cannot fail to gratify its numerous readers. It is a journal that deserves the liberal patronage of an enlightened community.

The *Rhinebeck (N. Y.) Gazette and Advertiser*, says:

THE SATURDAY EVE. POST comes to us in an enlarged and much admired form. It is an excellent change, one that will be the means of greatly increasing its patronage. It is the best weekly published in Philadelphia.

The *Republican, Winchester, Va.*, says:—

☞ The Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post* makes its appearance in the quarto form, which gives increased room for matter and greater convenience in reading it. The *Post* is an interesting, instructive and unexceptionable paper for the family circle.

The *Register and Citizen of Lancaster, Pa.*, says:—

ENLARGED TO QUARTO.—The Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," comes to us this week enlarged and changed to quarto form. The *Post* has always been a favorite paper with us, but quartos we never liked and in this the *Post* has run counter to our notions of a paper. Perhaps we are too old fogy in our notions; however the shape of the paper does not in any way alter the superior quality of its weekly contents. Increased good luck to the Post.

The *Methodist Protestant, of Baltimore*, also says:—

This old favorite among newspapers comes to us in a new shape and considerably enlarged. It is now a mammoth quarto, on excellent paper, and at its former price—$2 per annum. We presume there is no paper of its class in the United States enjoying a greater popularity. We are so accustomed to its venerable appearance, that we are hardly prepared to say how we like the change.

We think our friends of the two last mentioned papers, will have to reflect a little more on the subject. The leading papers in the old world are all quartos. And, as to this side of the ocean, nearly all the most enterprising and widely circulated papers, have, we believe, already adopted the quarto form. In fact, the change seemed to us after much consideration, a mere question of time; and we preferred to be among the leaders in the movement. Mark our words:—In twenty years from this time, there will not be a *large* folio sheet in the country.

LAND IN OHIO.—J. H. C., of *Toledo, Ohio*, sends us a communication upon this subject, the opening portion of which is devoted to an examination of the relative advantages of land in Ohio and Illinois. We would rather avoid such contrasts—allowing each correspondent to speak of the advantages of his own section. "Comparisons are odious," as the proverb says. We cheerfully print the conclusion of Mr. C.'s article:—

In this part of Ohio, farming land sells for from three dollars to twenty dollars an acre—here are villages, railroads, canals, macadamized roads and turnpikes in all directions. Land of the best quality a few miles from Toledo, (a city of 12,000 inhabitants) on the Stone Pike, as good a macadamized road as there is in the United States, can be bought for ten dollars an acre, and a mile off the Stone Pike for five dollars an acre—it is heavily timbered land, affording firewood and fencing material to the farmer himself, and furnishing staves, hoops, boat knees, ship timber, and various kinds of timber to sell—saw mills are near by. This country is equal to any to dealers in timber—white oak, black walnut, ash, sugar maple, beech, elm, and hickory, compose the woods. There is no place where land, considering its advantages, sells as cheaply as it does here—the water is good—it is as healthy here as in any new country; there is some ague in exposed situations, but there is ague in every new country. I know several men who have lived here for *twenty* years, and have not had the ague at all. This is the country to come to—our railroads are just being completed, so those who now come here will reap their benefit by the rise in their land. I say to all come—here is room for all, and all good citizens are right welcome.

WHAT, CANNOT TAKE A HINT!—A subscriber in Mifflin County, writes for another paper of March 8th, as his has been borrowed by a neighbor—and lost. He says as it is more convenient for preserving and binding, in its new form, he is anxious to have the series unbroken.

Well, we did think we gave a *hint* in that number that almost any borrower could take. But perhaps it was so strong a one, that the borrower in question dropped the sheet at once in dismay, and never had the "face" either to pick it up or to return it. Doubtless he will do better in future. Borrowers probably have no idea of the number of complaints made to us of them, and of the invocations to us to tell them precisely what those who subscribe for the paper think of their conduct. To loan a paper occasionally, is one thing;—but to be asked for it as regularly as it comes to hand—and when you want it, be told that it is over at neighbor Smith's or Jones's, is another and very provoking thing.

EASILY ANSWERED.—A "Sportsman" asks whether the gun on a sporting excursion, should be carried with the hammer down, or at half-cock.

We thought this question had been fully discussed and decided ten years ago—but probably a new race of sportsmen are now in the field, who need to be enlightened. We may answer that the gun should always be carried, *when the cap is on the nipple*, at half-cock. Otherwise, the catching of the hammer in any obstruction, or even the shock of placing the butt heavily upon the earth, may explode the cap, and cause serious injury to the sportsman or his friends.—With the hammer at half-cock, no such danger is to be apprehended.

WHEAT MUSH.—Take fresh, clean wheat, grind it coarsely in a hand-mill, (the same as a coffee-mill, but a separate article,) stir about a teacupfull into a quart of water, add a little salt, and boil fifteen or twenty minutes, stirring all the time. Eat it cold, with rich country cream, and you have a delicious and wholesome supper.

MR. DEMPSTER.—The admirers of Mr. Dempster in this city, will be pleased to learn that he contemplates giving several concerts in Philadelphia before long. He has been singing in Washington, of late; and putting a little music, we hope, into the souls of our national legislators, so that they no longer shall be "fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils"—especially the last.

☞ Lord Palmerston recently stated in the House of Commons, that a noble Lord, being desirous of an audience of the Duke of Wellington, the Duke appointed seven o'clock in the morning for the interview. A friend of the noble Lord asked him, "How on earth will you manage to be with the Duke at seven o'clock?" "Oh!" replied he, "nothing can be easier—I shall do it the last thing before going to bed."

☞ SEALING LETTERS.—First close the envelope with a wafer, or the adhesive gum; then perforate it with a cross-cut common wafer seal, drop the melted sealing-wax on the perforated surface, and impress it with your usual seal. A letter so sealed cannot be opened without entirely destroying the paper, as the agency of heat will not cause the gum or wafer to give way; nor will moisture loosen the wax, which will hold by the orifices made through the wafer seal.

☞ *Old Gentleman (mumbling over his breakfast).*—"One of the drawbacks of this abominable spread of Education is, that your Servant, since the confounded fellow has learnt to read, insists upon looking at the Newspaper before you do! Bother your Civilization, say I!"

☞ During the siege of Sebastopol a Russian shell buried itself in the side of a hill without the city and opened a spring. A little fountain bubbled forth where the cannon shot had fallen, and during the remainder of the siege afforded to the thirsty troops who were stationed in the vicinity, an abundant supply of pure cold water.

☞ Miss Bremer writes to Mr. Putnam that her new work "HERTHA" will not be ready for publication about the first of May.—She has sent a special introduction or dedication for the American edition, which is to be issued by G. P. Putnam & Co., simultaneously with the English and Swedish editions.

☞ Old King Lear in the play when he was out in the storm, said in his apostrophe to the rain, wind, thunder and lightning:

"You owe me no subscription."

Prentice says he wishes he could say as much to all his readers—and we wish we could say the same to all of ours. Those not in arrears need not read this.

☞ "I say, mister, wasn't you born in the middle of the week?" said an impudent urchin, to a man with a severe pair of cross eyes. "No, you little rascal, why?" "'Cause I see you're allers a-lookin' both ways for Sunday."

☞ SYLLOGISTIC REASONING.—Ephimenides says:—The Cretans are always liars. Now, he, himself, was a Cretan; therefore, he lied; therefore, the Cretans are not liars; therefore, Ephimenides has not lied; therefore, the Cretans are liars.

☞ FRENCH AND ENGLISH.—A Frenchman told an Englishman that if the English had discovered the secret of travelling on the water, the French had found out the means of ascending into the air. "Yes," answered the Englishman, "we are deep—you are light."

☞ Upwards of ten thousand fish, reared by the artificial process, have been turned out into the waters of the river Dee. The spawn from which they were raised was laid down in appropriate boxes a year ago.

BURNING OF A STEAMBOAT ON THE DELAWARE RIVER.—A lamentable steamboat accident occurred on the Delaware, opposite this city, on Saturday last, between eight and nine in the evening. The steam ferry boat New Jersey, Captain Corson, had left Walnut street wharf to make her regular trip to Camden, with about one hundred persons aboard, when she took fire from the engine room, was wrapped in flames in about ten minutes, and a terrible scene followed. The boat was burned to the water's edge. About forty persons are known to have been saved. Eighteen bodies have been found, and the names of twenty-eight persons are mentioned as missing, and are thought to have been either burned or drowned. This calamity has caused an intense excitement in this community.

The boat was steered back again to the wharf, but when within about eight feet of the Arch street wharf, the pilot house fell, and the tide caused it to sheer off again. Before this time, however, most of the passengers had jumped overboard, some of whom managed to get upon cakes of ice, and others were taken from the water by persons in the small boats, which immediately put off to their assistance. Many of the passengers, among whom were some females, remained on the boat until the burning of their clothes drove them to leap into the water.

DISCOVERY TO PREVENT BANK NOTE COUNTERFEITING.—A new invention, called "Seropyan's Patent Bank Notes," designed to prevent counterfeiting of all descriptions, is attracting much attention in money circles. It is said to be absolutely proof against photographic, anastetic, lithographic, transferring, photo electrotyping, or any other chemical process by which the public is so frequently defrauded. The value of the discovery depends upon the character of the ink employed and coloring of the paper: but the ingredients of the ink are kept secret, with the design of preventing counterfeiting by new plate engraving. Bills prepared under this process will be first issued by the New Haven Bank, and are now in course of preparation. The note presents a tinted yellow or orange surface, upon which the worth of the note is printed with a compounded ink of bluish black tendency, but when held between the eye and the light the ink becomes translucent. It also strikes through to the back of the paper, thereby preventing alterations. The denomination, in large, white letters, appears in the body of the bill.

POSTHUMOUS BIRTH.—The Paris Siecle relates an extraordinary incident as having lately happened in the Rue de Faubourg du Temple. As a coffin, containing the body of a woman who had just died at a house in the street, was being removed for interment, blood was seen to ooze from it. The bearers were ordered to stop, and the coffin opened, when the cries of an infant, under the shroud, announced that the dead woman had given birth to a living male child! It was taken and consigned to the care of a nurse. A doubtful story, we think.

HEAVY PRICES FOR MULES AND JACKS.—On the 3rd inst., at Paris, Ky., 700 mules sold for $60,000; 42 mules for $133 each; 54 at $120 each, &c. Capt. Leer sold his famous old jack, "Buena Vista," for $3,200—in his younger days he was rated at $7,000. Inferior jacks sold at $700, $400, $100, &c.

ENORMOUS WILL.—The will of the late W. Cubitt, Esq., is one of the largest on record, and extends to 886 Chancery folios, covering 30 skins of parchment. The personal estate exceeds one million.—*English Paper.*

The Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia has decided that, so far as it had been made to appear to the Court, no divorce had ever been granted to the Rev. Rufus W. Griswold.

In the Supreme Court of this State, the appeal of a liquor dealer for revision of a sentence of imprisonment for violating the Sunday Liquor Law has been denied, and the judgment of the Court below affirmed.

THE INDEPENDENCE MONUMENT.—A bill has passed the Senate of Virginia appropriating $10,000 as the required quota of the State toward the erection of a monument in Philadelphia, commemorative of the Declaration of Independence.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this was 280. Adults 97 and children 183.

New Publications.

WOLFSTEIN, an authentic account of Things There and Thereunto Pertaining, as they are and have been. By J. B.

An' clever chiels, an' bonnie hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.—*Burns.*

Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

A very good picture of New England life, by one who knows whereof he speaks; and writes with high but no more than just appreciation of the country and the people. If the "Match Stories" introduced are *truly* "specimens of the inventive faculties of the untrained youth of Maine," they do them no slight credit. These are winter evening recreations—"stories invented and told by the company in pairs, in this manner: one commences a story, and proceeds to the midst of the narrative or plot, and then appoints another to finish it. These stories are assumed to be extempore, and often are so; though it is allowable to concert and make previous preparation, which is generally done." In the specimens, romance and sentiment, and adventure and roguery, are amusingly mingled. One ends thus—"And they kept their pig, and had plenty of spare-ribs, and pork, and bacon, and dough-nuts, which lasted just as long as they lived; *and they sent the tail to the minister, and it was put in the contribution-box for the heathen.*"

We quote a pleasant picture and a true one. Some of the loveliest women and noblest men that the world has seen, have grown up in the shelter of just such humble homes. It would surprise one who considers riches indispensable to refinement to know how much beauty, and grace, and spirit, as well as intellectual and moral culture, are compatible with the simple life and small expenses here described.

A NEW ENGLAND FARMER.

The kitchen receives us with a cheerful welcome. It is the kitchen, yet, for pleasant and inviting aspect, it might vie with the proudest saloon of fashion, so clean, so light, so bright, so pure and fresh its atmosphere. From its wide fire place the glowing heat radiates through the ample room, and is reflected from the white floor, and its long-worn but still substantial furniture. In his round old arm chair, near the chimney-corner, sits the superannuated father and grandfather of the family; for Squire Chinby, though sixty years old, is but a younger son, and Grandfather Chinby verges upon his hundreth year. Grandfather is quiet, cheerful, and happy. He needs but little help, though everybody wants to help him; for everybody honors him. He moves about the house, and in pleasant weather visits the barn and the nearer fields. His son the squire, though, in fact, needing no advice, always asks his father about the more important farming operations; and the old man is as clear-headed as ever, and often gives really valuable hints. He says it is pretty late in the evening of life for him to be up; but soon it will be morning, and then he expects to be as bright and early as the best of them.

Mrs. Chinby, wife of the squire, and mother of the rest of the family, is of delicate appearance, and infirm health. She has long been unable to superintend her household affairs; but her blue-eyed daughters, scarcely sixteen, have for years kept things right. Look about you, and see if anything is wrong. Every room is as neat as this, and always so. And the daughters, do they not look equally agreeable? One would like to have such daughters of his own; or, at least, to live always with such as these.

A pleasant, mild-looking man, of intellectual countenance, and more delicate appearance than is common in the country, is introduced. He reaches out his hand, and welcomes you without rising. It is Charles, the squire's oldest son, deformed and unable to walk from infancy. His chair is so contrived that he can move about the room upon it; and he has another for locomotion out of doors. He is the school-master, shoemaker, basket-maker, tailor, and universal genius of the family; and often repairs watches, clocks, and musical instruments for others. He is always busy, and, as they say, always *just so*; meaning always pleasant and agreeable. He has the reputation of great learning; but his learning, like all his other attainments, is self acquired. Converse with him, and your pity for his infirmity will be forgotten in respect for his knowledge and understanding. Of all the squire's family, none are more highly prized than Charles.

We give this exact description from real life, to show the position of an independent Maine farmer, of thrifty habits and respectable understanding, self cultivated a little beyond the general average of his neighbors, but not more so than the best of them. Without further detail, we request the reader to imagine whatever of comfort, convenience, and luxury, may be enjoyed in that condition, under the best circumstances, and he will have a fair picture of constant every-day life at Chinby's. Wealth could reasonably desire nothing more. Wealth in cities could not buy so much; for its glow and freshness cannot be transferred thither, any more than the wild warblings of the birds, or first dewy fragrance of the flowers, or the racy flavor of its summer fruits.

Why should not a true history, like this, include an idea of the economy of country life. At the risk of tediousness, we give this plain account, believing it will be of interest, and perhaps of value, to some. Let us briefly finish it by summing up the cost.

Squire Chinby's farm, the only essential source of all his abundance, the ample and independent home of his family, yielding support, for successive generations, in sickness and health, is valued at no more than two thousand dollars. Surely it requires but little wealth, when well employed, to enable man to sustain the dignity, fulfill the duties, and enjoy the benefits of life. Let the anxiously-toiling and harrassed sons of trade, and slaves of city life, think of this. Yet, should some city wight feel disposed to break his chain, and flee to the freedom of a farm, let him not deem himself at once endowed with the faculties of a Chinby. As the country boy makes many blunders and provokes much derision before he can learn to prosper in the ways of the city, so the cit upon a farm, though blessed with more self-conceit, is generally as unsuccessful in his early essays, and is sometimes the subject of similar though more courteously restrained ridicule.

THE HORTICULTURIST, in the hands of its new editor, J. Jay Smith, exhibits in every part fresh zeal and vigor. The March No. has a beautiful engraving of the cone of Abies Nobilis, or noble silver fir. "This magnificent tree was introduced to Britain by the lamented Douglas, in 1831, who discovered it on the mountains of Northern California, and which, above all others, excited his admiration. Judging from young specimens, it is likely to display similar beauty in a cultivated state. In its native forests it attains a height of 180 feet, the branches spread horizontally, and are produced with the same uniformity of arrangement as those of the Araucaria excelsa, or Norfolk Island pine. The density and fine incurvature of its foliage divest the tree of that stiffness which characterizes most of the tribe to which it belong, and impart much of that agreeable gracefulness so well defined in the Deodar cedar and Hemlock spruce. It is perfectly hardy in our climate, and should be one of the first trees planted as a single specimen on a lawn. It is the Picea nobilis of Loudon (whose arrangement of the pine family is now generally followed) and the Pinus nobilis of Douglas."

THE MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF THE LATE RICHARD PENN SMITH. Collected by his Son, HORACE W. SMITH. Philada: Published by H. W. Smith.

The writings of Richard Penn Smith at the time of their publication in periodicals and annuals, enjoyed a more than ordinary share of popularity, and it must be gratifying to his family and friends to see them collected in so handsome a form. They consist of dramatic pieces, fugitive poems and prose sketches. Of the last, "My Uncle Nicholas," is our favorite; and "The Cottage Lovers" and "The Fisherman's Song" are pretty poems.

THE MORMONS AT HOME: With some Incidents of Travel from Missouri to California, 1852-3. In a Series of Letters. By Mrs. B. G. Ferris, (Wife of the late U. S. Secretary for Utah.) New York: Dix & Edwards.

An entertaining book, the chief interest of which is in its revelations concerning that disgusting feature of Mormonism—Polygamy. It seems that at the time of Mr Ferris's arrival its existence was denied; the reports asserting it to be a part of the Mormon faith were classed under the head of slanders against the saints. Now, however, the disgraceful fact has been confirmed by many witnesses, and all the world knows it. It is known, too, that not even present prosperity and physical comfort are compatible with the heathenish custom. Passing travellers may be deceived by appearances of industry and harmony, and pronounce the settlement flourishing; but no one could reside there for months as this lady has done, without obtaining more than one glimpse of the "dead men's bones and rottenness" which lie festering beneath this whited sepulchre.—Especially would a woman be clear-sighted in such matters.

Mrs. Ferris, on her arrival at Salt Lake City, found a pleasant boarding place in the house of "a veritable Yankee housekeeper, active and managing—her table exquisitely neat, and provided with the best. Such butter we never tasted before—it has a peculiar sweetness derived from the bunch-grass, which is not to be found in the States." We quote this statement about butter because it is different from what we have always heard. Others have said that in no part of the West can butter possibly be made equal to that in Eastern Pennsylvania, because the grass is inferior. We should like to know how the fact stands.

The following incident illustrates the class of human beings who can live in harmony under the Mormon dispensation.

A good-natured young woman, with a baby in her arms, waited upon me. She proved to be one of the wives of the young man; and by further inquiry, I drew forth that they had both been married to him at the same time, so that neither could claim the precedence. You will ask whether such things can be? Yes, they can be with just such women. She was one of those good-natured, stupid fools, that would gulp down the most preposterous proposition, merely saying, perhaps, "*Du tell!*" or "*You don't say so!*" or making some similar remark. I am quite ready to conclude that a large portion of female Mormonism is made up of similar materials.

HISTORY OF HERNANDO CORTEZ. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

The preface to this handsome little book says truly, "The career of Hernando Cortez is one of the most wild and adventurous" recorded in the annals of fact or fiction, and yet all the prominent events in his wondrous history are well authenticated." The writer in this narrative has simply attempted to give a vivid idea of the adventures of Cortez and his companions in the conquest of Mexico."

The degree of civilization which the invaders found, might well astonish them. Of the city of Iztapalapan it is stated—"The natives, with a refinement and taste not yet equalled by the money-making millions of North America, had allotted land in the centre of the city for a vast public garden, blooming with flowers of every variety of splendor. A large aviary was filled with birds of gorgeous plumage and sweet song. A stone reservoir, of ample dimensions, contained water to irrigate the grounds, and it was also abundantly stored with fish."

In the beautiful city of Mexico—"

The streets were very regularly laid out at right angles. Many of them were wide, and lined with shade-trees. The houses of the common people were small but comfortable cottages, built of reeds or of bricks baked in the sun. The dwellings of the nobles and of the more wealthy inhabitants were strongly-built mansions of stone, very extensive on the ground floor, though generally but one story high. They were inclosed in gardens blooming with flowers. Fountains of cool water, conveyed through earthen pipes, played in the court-yards. The police regulations were unsurpassed by those of any city in Europe. A thousand persons were continually employed in sweeping and watering the streets. So clean were the well-cemented pavements kept, that "a man could walk through the streets," says one of the Spanish historians, "with as little danger of soiling his feet as his hands."

JULIUS, and other Tales from the German. By W. H. FURNESS. Philadelphia: Perry & McMillan.

A volume of excellent Tales, ably translated. Julius and The Parsonage, by R. Toepffer, a German author, previously unknown to us, are written with a captivating simplicity and purity of sentiment. The Walpurgis Night, by H. Zschokke, with whose tales many of our readers are familiar, contains a moral of universal application, presented in a most lively and impressive manner. The Poor Vicar, by the same author, is a beautiful picture of genuine piety, honesty and truth struggling with poverty and not conquered by it.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. COUSIN SMOOTH. By THOMAS TEMPLETON, of Tewksbury. New York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. For sale by Cowperthwait & Co., 207 Market St., Phila.

A clever burlesque, in the Jack Downing vein, upon the present aspect of political affairs.

☞ GOOD ADVICE.—Use not to-day what to-morrow may want; neither leave that to hazard which foresight may provide for, or care prevent. Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. One to-day is worth two to morrows. No one can be provident of his time that is not prudent in the choice of his company.

☞ FLOWERS AND WEEDS.—A lady asked her gardener why the weeds always outgrew and covered the flowers. "Madam," answered he, "the soil is mother to the weeds, but only step-mother to the flowers."

☞ SCENE IN A PARISIAN TAILOR'S STORE.—Tailor: Your clothes, sir, will be sent home this evening. Gent: But, my dear sir, you haven't my address or my measure. Tailor: That's of no consequence, for the perfection of my machine renders them useless. Be kind enough to give me your baptismal name, and the thing is accomplished.

☞ The remembrances of past happiness are the wrinkles of the soul.

☞ How should a husband speak to a scolding wife? My dear, I love you *still*.

☞ A CURIOSITY.—The man who is not "as much in favor of temperance as anybody."

☞ We open the hearts of others when we *open our own*.

☞ A letter from St. Petersburg says that in the course of the last campaign in Asia, more than sixty thousand images of saints were dispatched from that city for the edification of General Mouravieff's army.

☞ "In England," said Bochaaver, "a man should never lay aside his winter costume until midsummer day, and he should put it on again the day after."

☞ HOLY ISLAND PRIORY.—The priory of Holy Island, familiar to the readers of "Marmion," as Lindisfarn, is in process of restoration to the appearance it presented in ancient days.

Life in Paris.

DIPLOMATISTS DROPPING IN—WINTER GLORIES—FASHIONABLE FOLLIES—CHEAP SPLENDOR—AN UNEXPECTED MEETING—AN ADDITION TO THE IMPERIAL DAIRY—A NEW TITLE—AMERICANS IN PARIS—A NEW SONG BY AN OLD MASTER—AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT—BUILDING AND REBUILDING—AN ARCHITECTURAL CATASTROPHE.

PARIS, Feb. 21, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

All the plenipotentiaries are here except the Turkish, who is expected in two or three days. The Conferences will open, it is thought, on the 25th of this month; and although it can hardly be hoped that Russia will yield without wincing or delay the concessions that will be demanded of her, under the famous "Fifth" of the Austrian propositions, it is confidently expected that peace will be proclaimed as the result of the approaching confabulations.

The alternations of unusual cold with a most unseasonable mildness, are producing many anomalies and disorders in the health and prosperity of the human and vegetable races in this part of the world. One day it is so warm that all the windows are thrown open, the flowers in the Tuileries threaten to show themselves most imprudently early, and the famous chestnut tree known as the "Twenty-third of May,"—from its old habit of being in full blossom by that day—is reported as getting ready to open its myriads of buds.—Next day we are in the midst of cold winds, clouds, and threats of snow, that close up the expanding gaiety of this sunshine-loving city, as close as the buds in the gardens. To-day, after chronicling for a week past, the blue skies and the spring-like temperature we have been enjoying, the papers are all detailing the "meteoric phenomenon" just witnessed in the Department of Vienne, where a sudden fall in the temperature, accompanied by a continuous rain of three days, "so fine as to be invisible," has been converting every tree and shrub into an icicle. This prank of the Polar Sprites, so common in your country, is of rare occurrence on this side of the Atlantic; and the admiration expressed, on the one hand, for the beauty of the spectacle, and the regrets, on the other, for the damage done to the trees, would greatly amuse an American reader. The coating of ice has been very thick, and many fruit trees have been seriously injured by the breaking down of the branches under the weight of their covering. An enormous walnut, twelve feet in diameter, has been split from top to root, each half of the severed trunk falling prone in opposite directions. Many other old trees have been split vertically in the same manner; and in the woods about Chatellerant, the noise produced by the snapping of the boughs during two days of a cold, high wind that followed the formation of the ice, is said to have resembled the discharge of artillery.

The enormous amplitude of the present style of toilette among the fairer sex has been frequently alluded to in these letters. A mountain of flounced petticoats, sustained by rope, whalebone, crinoline and other mysterious appliances known to milliners and their fair vassals, produces a bell-shaped rotundity over which the richly ornamented dress is stretched as over a frame, without any symptom of the folds which form the only redeeming feature of the modern "gown." Two bell-shaped belles now find it next to impossible to stow themselves and their rigging in the same carriage; and so tight a squeeze is it for a fashionable lady to get through a doorway, that it is now found necessary for a cavalier to drop behind the object of his attentions, allowing her to accomplish the difficult feat alone, and emerging from behind her robes to offer his hand when she has safely passed the threshold of the saloon.

A few nights ago an elderly friend of mine, Captain D———, being at the grand ball given by the Count de R———, begged a very fashionable lady whom he knew pretty well, to "tell him, just for the curiosity of the thing, how many petticoats she had on that evening?"

"Seven," replied the lady, "besides a crinoline."

"And how many yards of silk are there in your gown?" next inquired the old officer.

"Twenty-seven," replied the lady.

Now, when it is remembered that the "crinoline" is stuck as full of fine slips of whalebone as it can hold, and that each of the "seven" petticoats would be made with from two to five flounces, the whole starched as stiff as French washerwomen (most skillful of the tribe!) can manage to make them, your readers may judge if it be possible to exaggerate the *enormity* of the effect resulting.

As a confirmation of the exactitude of this description, and also as an illustration of the extent to which *sham* prevails in this brilliant capital, let me mention that at a very grand ball given a few nights ago by one of the nabobs of the present *regime*, the cram was so great that flounces, scarfs, berthas, feathers, flowers, and lace were torn from the persons of their wearers (not figuratively, but *literally*) at all the doorways; and next morning such a mass of pearls, rubies, diamonds, &c., were swept up from the floors by the servants, that the master of the house could hardly believe his eyes, and began to think he had been favored by some of the jewel-bestowing genii of Arabian tales. Desirous of ascertaining the value of such a god-send, he summoned his jeweller to calculate the worth of the brilliant fragments. "The whole lot is worth some *twelve dollars*," said the jeweller, hardly able to suppress a laugh as he examined the bits of sparkling paste that had decorated the fair persons of the gayest portion of the French aristocracy the evening before.

Another anecdote is going the rounds, touching the magnificent ball given at Shrove-tide by Count Tascher de la Pagerie, in his apartments at the Tuileries. It appears that the Bishop of Nancy, grand almoner of the Palace, was very desirous of seeing the decorations of the rooms, and accordingly went in very early, before the guests had begun to arrive. It so happened, however, that one of the visitors, an intimate friend of the Count, and "made up" to represent the Devil, was there before him. Whether the Bishop was tempted to exorcise the demon, does not appear, but it seems that His Infernal Majesty no sooner caught sight of the holy man than he advanced to meet him, bowing to him with the utmost humility, and said, "My lord Bishop, permit me to seize this opportunity of bringing about a reconciliation between us?"

A second nurse, a hale young woman from Burgundy, has been installed at the Tuileries, where, it is now stated, two apartments have been prepared for the Imperial baby; a day-nursery adjoining the Emperor's cabinet, and a night-ditto next the Empress's bed-room. It is also rumored that the child, if a boy, will be called the King of Algeria.

The gossips are still anxiously canvassing the question of who is to be godfather? The latest rumor on this point, declares that a negotiation is pending at Rome, with a view to inducing the Pope to perform this office, either in person or by proxy, in which case there would be no second godfather, and the Church would be the god-mother! It appears that such an arrangement would not be without precedent, and that the Pope is willing to assume the proposed sponsorship, provided his conditions are accepted by the Emperor. What these may be, is not known; but they are believed to be very exorbitant.

The ball to be given by the Americans in this city in honor of Washington's Birthday, and which will take place in the magnificent apartments of the new Hotel du Louvre, is to be much more splendid than usual. It is said that the Emperor is to be present; but it is probable that this report has grown out of the understanding that Great Britain has proposed to the Government of the United States to leave the differences now pending between the two countries to arbitration.

Several marriages between American ladies and Frenchmen of high rank are understood to be approaching. Miss Ridgway, daughter of "the beautiful Mrs. Ridgway," as she is generally styled, a wealthy widow from your city, is about to become the Duchess of Larochefoucauld, one of the oldest and proudest titles in France; and Miss ———, of New York, one of two very pretty and elegant sisters, whose fortunes, as well as themselves, are the objects of general admiration here, will shortly, it is said, marry the Count ———, a man more than twice her own age, the father of several families of illegitimate children—some of whom are just the age of the bride-elect—and who has been, for many years, as all Paris knows, the "intimate friend" of one very well-known in the world of diplomacy, gallantry and fashion. But the Count is the possessor of a fortune of very many millions. It is a matter of general remark here, as across the Channel, that the glitter of wealth and rank, so little compatible with the severity and simplicity of Republican principles, are, in general, appreciated by none more keenly than by the twin daughters of the great Republic of the West.

Rossini, the mutism of whose immortal genius has afflicted the musical world for the last five-and-twenty years, having published nothing since *Guillaume Tell* and the *Stabat*, has recently written for a favorite pupil, Mme de Lingi, a superb dramatic melody called *The Separation*. The words, by the French poet Mery have been translated into Italian by Ucelli. Mme de Lingi will sing this new song at a concert to be given early next month, and *The Separation* will then be published with the French and Italian words. It is said by those who have heard it, to be fully equal to the rest of the works of this admirable *maestro*.

Meyerbeer is at Venice, working on two new operas. Madame Sand has just brought out another of her charming dramas, called *Lucie*, in which as in its predecessors, the incidents are of the slightest possible nature—the beauty of the piece resulting from the skillful delineation of character, and the charm of the dialogue.

One of the most amusing little theatres of Paris, *The Folies-Nouvelles*, is drawing crowds with an astonishingly absurd, but excessively diverting little play, by Desnoyers and Legrand, called *The Black Arm*. Pierrot, the hero, has lost his right arm, and being desirous of marrying Celimene, gets a new arm joined on to the stump of the old one. By some mistake, the new arm is that of a rascally and thievish negro, Scapin, who has lost this active and thoroughly-educated member in some housebreaking affray. This wicked arm goes on thieving in its old style; so that Pierrot, whose left side is a model of virtue, is continually drawn by his right side into the most terrible and disgraceful scrapes. Nothing can be more ridiculous, and yet diverting, than the adventures in which he thus finds himself engaged, the means he takes to get rid of this dangerous auxiliary, and the winding up of the whole by the wedding of the much-tormented, but now exonerated hero with his lady-love.

The clearances and re-building going on here on so unheard-of a scale, are of course producing great changes in the aspect of the city; and the centre of Paris, which was formerly the ugliest, shabbiest, and most crowded part of it, is rapidly becoming the most splendid, open and airy; and various beautiful monuments of the olden time, formerly like so many jewels lost in the midst of a dung-hill, are now, through the clearing away of their abject surroundings, coming out into the daylight, and showing themselves in their ancient splendor.

Among the most striking of these re-appearances is that of the old tower of St. Jacques de la Boucherie, which stands in the Rue de Rivoli, between the Louvre and the Hotel de Ville; one of the richest and most exquisite poems ever reared in stone by the forgotten artists of former days.

This tower—156 feet high, and formerly surrounded by a spire of 80 feet high—is all that remains of the church of that name, erected in 1508—22, and destroyed during the revolution of '93. No description can do justice to the noble symmetry, exquisite ornamentation, and harmony of effect of this superb construction, one of the purest and most precious specimens of Gothic architecture extant. It is especially remarkable for the open-work traceries so lavishly introduced, and which gives a marvellous lace-like lightness to its upper portion; for its enormous projecting gargoyles, and above all for the figures of saints—admirably carved, and so large as to be perfectly visible all the way up—which stand in niches upon its fronts. The top of the tower is surmounted by a dragon and other grotesque objects; and on the top of the principal turret stands an angel, with a staff in his hand. This angel seems to be the completion of the long upward lines of saints on the fronts of the tower, and suggests the idea that the latter may have been intended as a sort of allegory of the gradual elevation of the Christian life, ever toiling heavenward, until the pilgrim, arrived at the confines of his earthly career, crowned and winged for glory, is about to take his flight into the empyream.

A large square—which will be laid out in appropriate style, and planted with trees—has been cleared round the site of this most beautiful monument, thus making it accessible to the admiration of the public. And so various are the effects of light and shade on this glorious tower, so different does it look according as the glowing azure, or a passing cloud, serves as its background, that one is never weary of watching it; and assuredly, if Goethe is right in advising everybody to "try and see something beautiful every day, if only a picture or a flower," as one of the most important methods of refining and ennobling the mind, the existence of such an object as this, and the bringing it within view of the tens of thousands who will pass daily along this busy and magnificent street, is not a matter of trifial importance, but may exercise a refining and elevating influence on the minds of those who are thus brought into its neighborhood.

Lovers of architectural beauty will learn with regret that the largest wall of the Alhambra, at Grenada, has just fallen to the ground. The townspeople, alarmed at the noise, and at the concussion of the ground, rushed out of their houses, supposing they had experienced a shock of earthquake. The authorities have determined to make the necessary repairs; and it is to be hoped that what remains of this gem of Moorish architecture will be preserved with the care which its beauty and rarity should have ensured for it long ago.

QUANTUM.

Letter from England.

MODERN PAINTERS—VOLUME III.—AN AUTHOR AND HIS RESIDENCE—FAVORITE WATER COLORS—"BRAVE GIFTS BRAVELY USED."

Among the books now being discussed with the greatest interest by English readers, is Mr. Ruskin's third volume of Modern Painters, just published. The fourth volume is not to be so long delayed as its predecessor, as it also is almost ready for publication, and the two will form a welcome addition to the previous works of this widely read author.

Of course the new volume is regarded with the same diversity of opinion as the preceding ones, and passes through the same ordeal of severe criticism from those who differ from the author in his views upon Art; but the prevalent opinion seems to be that this is, to the general reader, the pleasantest and most interesting of all his books, because, as the title-page denotes, it treats "of many things," and therefore affords a variety of subjects to those who would take no especial interest in a treatise upon the principles of Art alone.

We have in it little interfusions of imaginary discussions, and items of personal travel and experience, which add greatly to the vivacity and interest of the work.

It is always pleasant to know something of the daily life and surroundings of a talented and well known author, so now while his new book is attracting general attention, we will take the opportunity of paying him a visit.

Leaving the heart of the city, crossing London bridge, passing for two or three miles through the uninteresting part of London lying south of the Thames, you come to Ludgate Hill; a gradual ascent, half town, half country, thickly built up with gentlemen's residences, or closed in gardens with high walls. One of these is an old white house, with a porter's lodge at the gate; a winding road in front, and a great Norway pine, with wide spreading branches. At the side of the house is a beautiful green lawn surrounded by trees. Ringing a bell at the gate the porter admits you, touches another large bell which resounds at the house, and as you walk up the winding road and reach the front door, it is standing open to receive you. You enter a small parlor carpeted with green, with pots of beautiful flowers in full bloom, a few slight water color sketches on the walls, and among them a small portrait of the author himself leaning forward with a thoughtful and pleasing expression, and holding in his hand a lithographic pen.

From this small ante-chamber, you enter into two larger rooms, with books, music, and some small but very beautiful marble figures and busts. But the great glory of the rooms, consists in some twenty-five or thirty lovely little landscapes by Turner, with which they are hung around. The choicest pictures of that great artist were his small water colors, of which these are very beautiful specimens. They mostly consist of fine passages of English, Scotch, and continental scenery, but so glorified by the imaginative mind and singular style of the artist, that they rather fulfil our ideas of the magic realms to which we were conducted in our childhood through the enchanting pages of the Arabian Nights, than of any earthly land.

At first you say to yourself, "This is very beautiful, but not like nature as it has ever appeared to me," but the more you examine into them, the more you are struck with the wonderful knowledge of form and effect, with the fullness and perfection of details of which at first you did not notice even the existence; and as you gaze on these aerial, fairy-like little gems, so full of meaning, and so delicate in execution, you cease to wonder that the eye that rests constantly upon them is impatient at art of a coarser and shallower description.

Besides the Turners, there are some small sketches by other artists. There are three very beautifully finished little pictures, by William Hunt, not the Pre-Raphaelite, but a much older man, who is mentioned in the 3rd volume of Modern Painters, in the Chapter on Modern Landscape, section 28. The coloring and execution are exquisite, though the subjects are very simple. One merely consists of a dead pigeon, a moss-covered bank, and a spray of Holly with its bright red berries. If you were to seek out the prettiest of all pigeons, and carefully examine the graceful form of each of the feathers lying so softly layer upon layer, with their shades of delicate blue grey; if you looked in the woods for the handsomest fresh green moss, and noticed how it branched and interlaced down into its depths; if you gazed admiringly on the firmest, the glossiest, the most perfect of Holly sprays, you might see something similar, though perhaps not so prettily combined.

The parlors are given up to the water colors. In the dining-room, upon the other side of the house, are large oil paintings principally of a family value. There are the portraits of the author's father and mother, who are still living and reside with him; a picture of himself as a child of two or three years of age, in a white dress and a blue sash, running in a garden accompanied by a dog. This was painted by Northcote, a distinguished English artist of fifty years ago. Another picture by the same artist of the God Pan, extracting a thorn from a child's foot, also represents the author when a year or two older.

Leaving the dining-room and ascending the stairs, we enter the sanctum sanctorum, the room in which the greater part of these earnest and fascinating books upon art were written. A pleasant window also looking out upon the lawn; a large bookcase filled with books in well-worn covers; a long, straight table covered with green baize; and sitting beside it a slender, rather frail looking man, of middle height, with a student head of the shoulders, pale complexion, light blue eyes, and short, still, rather self-willed looking hair; together certainly not handsome, but with character, decision, and occasionally much sweetness of expression.

He is sometimes spoken of as being crotchety, and of a nervous and irritable temper. It would hardly be surprising if it were so, in a man of poetic temperament, strong convictions, and not very robust health, whose artistic opinions, so freely expressed, call down upon him showers of invectives. However this may be, those who know him cannot fail to recognize in him a great vein of tenderness, and disinterested goodness, displayed in constant little acts of kindness towards young artists, or towards others needing sympathy and help.

A petition was recently circulated, written by Thomas Carlyle, Alfred Tennyson and John Forster in behalf of two old ladies of the name of Lowe, whose father was an intimate friend of Johnson, and the eldest of whom is Johnson's namesake. To the chapter on the Teachers of Turner, in his recent volume of Modern Painters, Mr. Ruskin affixes this note: His (Turner's) "first drawing master was, I believe, that Mr. Lowe, whose daughters, now aged and poor, have, it seems to me, some claim on public regard, being connected distantly with the memory of Johnson, and closely with that of Turner."

The London Illustrated Times, of a week ago, in speaking of the result of the petition, says that the sum collected was found to fall considerably short of the amount required, but that an unexpected assistance had come to the rescue. That it having been fortunately discovered that Mauritius Lowe, the father, was the drawing teacher who first recognized Turner's talent, and who gave him, gratuitously, his earliest drawing lessons, a certain ardent and renowned admirer of Turner, whose name need hardly be mentioned, had come forward, pledging himself to bestow upon the Misses Lowe £5 ($25) annually, which fully made up the required sum.

In the Workingmen's College, an admirable institution for the education of workingmen, Mr. Ruskin has generously undertaken the drawing department, which gives scope for the practical exercise of some of his opinions in regard to Art. He sets his pupils at once to drawing from the "round" as it is termed, in contradistinction to drawing from a flat surface; but instead of giving them antique casts of heads, arms, feet, etc., as is usually the practice, he provides them with very perfect plaster casts of leaves, flowers, branches, and other natural objects, which he requires to be drawn with great care, indicating every petal or every delicate vein; for his principle is, that "if you cannot draw leaves, you certainly cannot draw foliage, and if you cannot draw fruit, certainly not trees." He will allow no "stump work," nor any conventional practice, such as cross-lining, stippling, etc., as calculated to call off attention from the main point, the constant gradation of light and shade.

Undoubtedly he is strict in his requirements. If a refractory pupil grumbles a little at his course as being laborious, he addresses him perhaps something in this fashion, "Of course you don't like drawing fine. Do you suppose anybody ever *does* like anything that is good for them. All skill must be worked for, and training is always painful. Nothing good in this world is to be had without price. Set your teeth at it. There is no other way, and don't tell me anything about likes and dislikes." But though thus despotic, if the pupil is at all compliant, he takes care to vary the practice when irksome, and to make it as interesting as possible. He soon encourages him to use water colors, and to draw from natural objects.

At a late exhibition at the Workingmen's College, his class were said to show great progress, and many of them to evince considerable talent.

CONGRESS.

IN the Senate, the bill appropriating three millions of dollars for increasing the armaments and munitions of war, and the manufacture and alteration of small arms, in accordance with the recent recommendation of the President, was passed on the 11th.

There are about 300,000 muskets in the States, which are to be rifled, and supplied with new locks and Maynard's primers, which will make the most efficient weapons. This alteration will cost $3 each. The bill was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading—yeas 29, nays 12.

Yeas—Messrs. Allen, Bigler, Bright, Cass, Clay, Crittenden, Fish, Geyer, Hunter, Iverson, Johnson, Jones of Iowa, Mallory, Pugh, Reid, Sebastian, Slidell, Stuart, Toucey, Trumbull, Weller and Yulee—22.

Nays—Messrs. Adams, Bell of Tenn., Callamer, Fessenden, Foot, Hale, Harlan, Houston, Seward, Sumner, Wade and Wilson—12.

Mr. Seward said he would vote for the bill if amended so as to make definite appropriations for specific purposes. The vote ordering it to be engrossed was then reconsidered, when Mr. Weller moved an amendment, which was adopted in accordance with Mr. Seward's suggestion.

Majority and minority reports on Kansas affairs, were made on the 12th, by Senators Douglas and Trumbull—and, on the 13th, a long and exciting discussion took place upon the subject between Senators Douglas, Trumbull, Seward, Crittenden, and Sumner.

On the 17th, Mr. Douglas, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill authorizing the people of Kansas to form a constitution for a State government, preparatory to admission into the Union, when she should have the requisite population.

In the House, during the past week, the Kansas question was also discussed at length—the question being upon empowering the Committee on Elections to send for persons and papers. Mr. Washburne, on the 14th, moved the previous question, but it was lost, yeas 78, nays 99. Then adjourned till Monday, when Mr. Galloway addressed the House at length.

A GOOSE IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.—A singular affair occurred on the Wear Valley Railway (England) not long ago. A gentleman from Birmingham, found himself seated in a first-class carriage, *tête à tête*—the only other passenger in that compartment of the carriage—being a blooming lady, answering to the alliterative description of "fat, fair, and forty." The train had scarcely moved one hundred yards from the station before the lady suddenly leaped from her seat, and exclaimed to the other passenger, "How dare you, sir? What do you mean?" The gentleman, astonished, replied that "he did not understand; he had done nothing to harm her." Again and again she sprang from her seat in apparent terror and rage, and declared with vehemence that her neighbor was a "villain, and she would have him taken into custody at the next station." The gentleman protested his innocence, and asked what he had *done*; but the eccentric lady still kept leaping from her seat, raving against his treatment, till the gentleman decided that she was mad, and resolved on the arrival of the train at the next station to give her into custody. As her eccentricity did not abate, nor her rage either, he, on the arrival of the train at one of the stations, was about to carry this resolution into action, when she suddenly sprung to the door, and screamed out "Guard! guard!" at the top of her voice, and presently collected not only the guard, but a crowd of people around her. She then commenced her accusation in words both loud and deep, protesting that the gentleman had improperly pinched her leg—and the gentleman, horrified at the charge, protesting, with equal vehemence, his perfect innocence. At this juncture, when matters looked serious for the gentleman, the guard happened to recollect that he had placed a basket under the seat of the carriage, containing a live goose, and, pulling it out, the mystery was explained, the bird being the criminal, and having caused the lady's fears and the gentleman's apprehensions. This explanation was received with perfect good humor and satisfaction by the parties concerned, and the train renewed its journey amid the convulsive laughter and applause of the assembled multitude.

COOKING WITHOUT FIRE.—The last invention is a plan for cooking without fire, described in the Scientific American. The invention is a combination of tin cooking dishes, placed one above another, the bottom of one vessel fitting on the top part of the dish below. In the lower dish of all, a small quantity of quick-lime is placed, and then, by means of a tube, cold water is introduced upon the lime. Chemical action generates intense heat, whereby the articles on the dishes are quickly cooked, ready for the table.

A PROFESSIONAL PREFERENCE.—"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady, one day, during a conversation about the old Saints and the Apostles. "Ah, he was a good, clever old soul, I know, for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

A DAY WITH ALLIGATORS;

OR, LIFE IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

BY WILLIAM H. THOMES.

About a week after the tiger-hunt, Don Arturo, his pretty wife, and myself, were seated at a window in the Spaniard's country residence, conversing on various topics, occasionally sipping a glass of wine, and partaking of some of the rich fruits which were placed in an old-fashioned silver tray at our elbows.

"I will tell you what we will do to amuse ourselves," cried the Spaniard, suddenly removing his cigar, and glancing up and down the river Pasig, which quietly flowed along within a stone's throw of the house.

"I wish," said I, removing the skin from a golden-colored banana.

"What say you to shooting alligators, my friend? That will be amusement worthy of men who have passed through the trying scenes of an earthquake with unshaken nerves. What say you, shall we go?"

"On one condition—that we invite my friend Allen to be one of the party."

"Invite him by all means," cried Don Arturo, with warmth. "I will write him a note requesting him to ride over to night, and start with us in the morning."

"Don't trouble yourself," I answered: "I will ride over myself and ask him."

"A good plan, my friend, and worthy of you. Order the best horse in the stable, and let the servant put the old Spanish saddle upon his back. The one that I use."

This was an act of politeness that I never expected of the Don, as he prized that saddle almost as much as he did his wife.

"I will be back before many hours," I said, as I left the room to dress for my ride.

I found Mr. Allen at home, and received a warm welcome. He was about sitting down to breakfast, and I required no urging to join him. After the meal I made my errand known to Allen, who took some time to consider on the subject, much to my surprise.

"There is more danger than sport in what you propose," Allen said; "but you shall not go alone."

"I do not intend to go alone. Don Arturo is to be one of the party."

"And he will run on the first appearance of danger."

"Do you think so?"

"I know that he will. But I will make one of the party. Stop here until afternoon, and then I'll ride over with you. In the meantime I will get my rifle in order and send it over to the Spaniard's house."

I readily consented to this plan, and spent an agreeable afternoon in listening to his interesting stories of adventures. Before dark we were at the Spaniard's house, and made all preparations for an early start on the next day. At an early hour we retired to rest, after despatching a servant to hire two large *bancas* for the transportation of ourselves and provisions to a small lake up the river.

We rose at daybreak, partook of a hearty breakfast, swallowed a few cups of coffee that was strong enough to bear an egg, and then walked to the river banks where the boats were awaiting us. One of the *bancas* was filled with our tent, blankets, and provisions, while the other, which was handsomely decorated, was reserved for ourselves. Four Metis, or half-castes, were detailed for each boat, to row or use their long poles, as the state of the river's current permitted.

"The *aligador*," said Don Arturo, as we shot into the stream, lighting a fresh cigar, and reclining his head upon a bundle of pillows, "is a peculiar animal, and requires some skill as a marksman to kill with a rifle shot. This is the season for the females to lay their eggs, so that we shall have plenty of chances to hit them before they take to the water—although I am bound to confess that they are more ferocious now than at any other time of the year."

"Did you ever kill one at a single shot?" asked Allen, imitating the Don's example, and stretching himself at the bottom of the boat.

"No, I think not," replied the Spaniard, after a moment's hesitation; "but I am in hopes to do so before we return."

"Humph!" grunted Charley, raising a bottle of red-colored liquid to his mouth, which had been wrapped in wet flannels to keep cool.

"Pull, rascals!" suddenly shouted the Spaniard, looking towards the oarsmen: "pull, rascals, and you shall dine off an alligator, if I kill one."

Singular as it may appear, the promise did not inspire the men with that enthusiasm which one might have expected under such strong temptation. They made a grimace, expressive of disgust, but bent to their oars with cheerfulness; and in a few minutes we shut out the burial-ground by turning an elbow of the river.

We passed numerous small villages, the houses of which were built of bamboo, thatched with leaves of the same tree, and raised from the ground on poles, at an elevation of about five feet. This is done to prevent their being swept away during the rainy season, and also for the purpose of resisting the shocks of earthquakes—the flexible supporters yielding as the ground rambles, and unless the earth opens, the dwellings of the natives are more secure than those of their masters. Frequently, during a slight shock, have I seen the huts sway to and fro, like trees in a strong gale, while the occupants preferred remaining indoors to trusting themselves out, well knowing that if their habitations should fall they would be in no danger of injury, as the materials were too slight to break the back of a respectable sized flea.

It was near eleven o'clock before Don Arturo gave orders to the natives to pull for the land. We stopped under the shade of some large cocoa trees, unloaded the boats, and then, bidding three of the men follow, to carry our ammunition, started for the lake, about a dozen rods distant. The sheet of water was not very large, covering an extent of about fifty acres; but I think that it was the most beautiful spot that I ever saw.

The foliage of the trees was rank with the richness of the soil; while along the borders of the lake, bright colored flowers and dense creeping vines were spread from branch to branch, until even the sun could not penetrate with a single ray. Hundreds of birds, with plumage of the most gaudy description, were fluttering from tree to tree, too tame to be frightened at our approach; while monkeys, with impudent gestures, and bold, defiant chattering, gathered in groups, and wondered why we should thus invade their domains.

Upon arriving at the lake, we found a large raft, built of bamboo, which had been left by some sportsmen, a few days before, tied to a tree. Upon this we determined to embark, and try our fortune upon the water. The natives were sent back to the boats for paddles, while we proceeded to load our rifles. As soon as they returned, we shoved off, and worked our way slowly along the shore.

"As I am the most experienced alligator hunter," Don Arturo said, "I shall claim the privilege of the first shot; and if—"

"There is a chance, then," Charley said, interrupting the Spaniard, and pointing to what I supposed to be a large log upon the surface of the water.

"By Saint Antonio, but you are right!" the Don said, dropping upon his knees for the purpose of steadying his aim, and trembling with nervous impatience.

"Well," cried Charley, after a moment's pause, "are you not going to fire?"

"In a minute, amigo. Now I think I've got him on a line."

He discharged his rifle, and the ball flew harmlessly over the alligator, and struck the water about thirty yards beyond him.

"Did I kill him?" inquired the Spaniard, springing to his feet.

"I should rather think not," Allen answered, with a laugh; "what did you aim at?"

"The alligator."

"Then the alligator appears to be very much obliged to you; for see, he is swimming this way, and seems determined to make us a call."

"Pull for the shore!" shouted the Spaniard, dropping his rifle, and grasping a paddle.

Charley quietly winked to me, raised his rifle, and the next instant its sharp report reverberated over the lake, and started more than a thousand monkeys into an unearthly chattering. I watched for the ball to strike, and saw the monster raise his head with a sudden jerk, and then lash the water into a white foam with his tail. In another instant he had disappeared beneath its surface.

"You have killed him, Charley," I cried.

"Not so," Allen said; "the ball struck him in the mouth, and to-morrow he will be as well as ever."

He had scarcely finished speaking when a cry from Don Arturo startled us. We turned towards him, and saw that he had forsaken his paddle, and was pointing with a trembling hand towards half-a-dozen black objects which were slowly swimming towards us, and were not more than thirty yards distant.

"By all the saints in the calendar, but we are in for it," Allen said, throwing a charge of powder into his rifle, and ramming down a ball with haste.

"What is the matter?" I inquired.

"Don't ask questions, but fire at the nearest one. Hit him in the eye if you can."

I did not wait for further instructions, but took deliberate aim, and had the satisfaction of seeing the monster leap high out of the water, and then sink from view.

"Well done," Charley cried: "load again as soon as possible. We must fight our way to the shore, for every inch of ground will be disputed."

I glanced towards the Don as I loaded, and saw that he was seated on the raft, his rifle lying by his side, and his eyes fixed upon the approaching alligators with a strong expression of fear upon his face. The rowers also had ceased their labor, and were nearly as pallid as their master. Charley shouted out something, speaking to the natives in their own language, which they understand much better than they do Spanish. They at once obeyed his order, grasping their oars with energy; and dashing them into the water, they urged the light craft along at a rapid rate.

It appeared as though each discharge of our rifles brought fresh alligators to the surface, for I saw no less than a dozen with their heads out of the water, watching our movements with great interest, and gradually drawing nearer, as if they wished to revenge themselves for the injury inflicted upon their companions. Presently one much larger than the others darted towards the raft: and when within a few feet, suddenly disappeared from view.

"Mind your footing," shouted Charley, sinking upon his knees; "the brute will try to capsize us."

I had hardly time to follow his example when the raft was struck a violent blow, and shook as though every bamboo in it would break. I clung to the lashings for support, and vainly shouted to the natives to do the same. They either had not understood Charley's warning, or were too anxious to reach the shore to pay any attention to it, for they still paddled on—when suddenly one of them lost his balance, and with a wild yell, fell headlong into the water.

In an instant every alligator disappeared beneath the surface, and only a few bubbles, which slowly rose, told of the struggle that was going on beneath.

"Now for the paddles," shouted Allen, springing to his feet, and grasping one, while he motioned to me to take the other.

"But the native?" I gasped.

"Is dead before this time, and they are quarrelling over his bones below. They have tasted blood; and if we do not reach the shore before he is eaten, there will be another victim. Pull for your life, if you value it."

I dashed the paddle into the water, and we urged the raft rapidly towards the landing, which was only about fifty feet distant.

"Look," cried Charley, glancing over his shoulder, "but don't spare your strength."

I followed the direction of his eyes, and saw more than fifty black snouts raised above the surface of the lake, and after short survey disappear.

"The devils know where we are," Allen exclaimed, without ceasing his toil; "but I think we shall disappoint them this time."

"I vow a gold candlestick to Saint—"

At this instant the raft struck the shore, and the Spaniard, without waiting to complete his vow, sprang to the land, and was quickly followed by the natives and ourselves. We had barely secured a foothold before half-a-dozen slimy monsters rose beside the raft, and even rested their heads upon it, to be certain that it was vacated. I was too thankful at our escape to molest them; but not so with Allen. He took deliberate aim at the largest and fired.

In an instant we were covered with mud and water, which the alligator in his death-struggle hurled upon us; and then all was calm, and the monster's dead body floated beside the raft. As if by magic every black snout had disappeared, and the waters of the lake were unruffled.

"A brave shot, Signor Allen," cried the Don, searching amongst the provisions for something to revive his courage. "A brave shot, and to prove to you that I appreciate it, we will open a bottle of the wine of Spain."

We did empty the bottle, and it was not until near sundown that we left the borders of the lake and returned home. By that time the Don fancied that he had killed the alligator; and, as we did not contradict him, he used to frequently boast afterwards of his skill as a marksman.

The death of the native was hardly alluded to by the Spaniard, for they value not the lives of Metis in Manilla.

☞ A Western editor, in speaking of a friend, says, "He has his weak points, but telling the truth is not one of them." Nice puff, that.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S PRESENT

To Florence Nightingale.

The above is a representation of the jewel presented by Queen Victoria to Florence Nightingale; it consists of a St. George's Cross in ruby red enamel, on a white field, emblematical of England. This is encircled by a black band, typifying the office of Charity, on which is inscribed a golden legend, "Blessed are the merciful." Her Majesty is represented by the letters "V. R.," surmounted by a crown in diamonds, impressed upon the centre of the St. George's Cross, from which also rays of gold, emanating upon the field of white enamel, are supposed to represent the glory of England. Wide spreading branches of palm, in bright green enamel, tipped with gold, form a framework for the shield, their stems at the bottom being banded with a ribbon of blue enamel (the color of the ribbon for the Crimean medal), on which, in golden letters, is inscribed "Crimea." At the top of the shield, between the palm branches, and connecting the whole, three brilliant stars of diamonds illustrate the idea of the light of Heaven shed upon the labors of Mercy, Peace, and Charity, in connection with the glory of a nation. On the back of this royal jewel is an inscription on a golden tablet, written by the Queen, recording it to be a gift and testimonial in memory of services rendered to her brave army by Miss Nightingale. The jewel is about three inches in depth by two-and-a-half in width, and is to be worn, not as a brooch or ornament, but rather as the badge of an Order.

Long may Florence Nightingale be spared to wear such a testimonial of her Sovereign's gratitude, and to live in the hearts of the nation she has so well and heroically served!

How Coal Was Made.—Geology has proved that, at one period, there existed an enormously abundant land vegetation, the ruins or rubbish of which, carried into seas, and there sunk to the bottom, and afterwards covered over by sand and mud beds, became the substance which we now recognize as coal. This was a natural transaction of vast consequence to us, seeing how much utility we find in coal, both for warming our dwellings and for various manufactures, as well as the production of steam, by which so great a mechanical power is generated. It may naturally excite surprise that the vegetable remains should have so completely changed their apparent character, and become black. But this can be explained by chemistry; and part of the marvel becomes clear to the simplest understanding when we recall the familiar fact that damp hay, thrown closely into a heap, gives out heat, and becomes of a dark color.

When a vegetable mass is excluded from the air, and subjected to great pressure, a bituminous fermentation is produced, and the result is the mineral coal—which is of various characters, according as the mass has been originally intermingled with sand, clay or other earthly impurities. On account of the change effected by mineralization, it is difficult to detect in coal the traces of a vegetable structure; but these can be made clear in all except the highly bituminous caking coal, by cutting or polishing it down into thin, transparent slices, when the microscope shows the fibre and cells very plainly.

From distinct isolated specimens found in the sandstones amidst the coal beds, we discovered the nature of the plants of this era. They are almost all of a simple cellular structure, and such as exist with us in small forms (horse tails, club masses and fens,) but advanced to an enormous magnitude. The species are all long since extinct. The vegetation generally is such as now grows in clusters of tropical islands; but it must have been the result of a high temperature obtained otherwise than that of the tropical regions now is, for the coal strata are now found in the temperate and even the polar regions.

The conclusion, therefore, to which most geologists have arrived is, that the earth, originally an incadescent or highly heated mass, gradually cooled down, until, in the carboniferous period, it fostered a growth of terrestrial vegetation all over its surface, to which the existing jungles of the tropics are mere barrenness in comparison. The high and uniform temperature, combined with greater proportion of carbonic acid gas in the manufacture, could not only sustain a gigantic and prolific vegetation, but would also create dense vapors, showers and rain; and these again gigantic rivers, periodical inundations, and deltas. Thus, all the conditions for extensive deposits of wood in estuaries would arise from this high temperature; and every circumstance connected with the coal measures points to such conditions.

How They Cook Locusts in South Africa.—Swartboy first boiled, or rather steamed them, for only a small quantity of water was put into the pot. This process lasted two hours. They were then taken out, and allowed to dry; and after that, shaken about in a pan until the legs and wings were broken off from the bodies. A winnowing process—Swartboy's thick lips acting as a fan—was next gone through, and the legs and wings were thus got rid of. The locusts were then ready for eating. A little salt was only required to render them more palatable, when all present made trial of and some of the children even liked them. By many, locusts prepared in this way are considered quite equal to shrimps. Sometimes they are pounded, when quite dry, into a sort of meal, and, with water added to them, are made into a kind of stirabout. When well dried they will keep for a long time, and they frequently form the only store of food which the poorer natives have to depend upon for a whole season.—*Mayne Reid's New Book.*

Symptoms of Peace.—We imagine that the Czar is this time in earnest! for we have been told that he has ordered no less than 500 diamond snuff-boxes. It is most curious the intimate connexion between peace and snuff! Every treaty is concluded with a general distribution of *tabatieres*, more or less diamond-dotted. The Freedom of Europe seems to lie in a snuff-box. However, we hope the plenipotentiaries will keep themselves wide awake, and not allow the Emperor Alexandria to throw snuff into their eyes.—*Punch.*

Why is Bread so Dear?—Why bread is so dear is owing to the great waste caused by using fine flour instead of coarse. It is ascertained that out of one hundred and twelve pounds of wheat, 28 pounds are lost as human food, in the shape of bran, &c., which reduce it to 84 pounds of what is termed fine flour. Now, were we to use the *whole* grain, we should have bread far more wholesome and nutritious, and it would increase the quantity of food more than 6,000,000 quarters per annum. The general belief is, that bread made from fine flour is the best, and the whiter the better. But the whiteness may be, and often is, communicated by alum, to the great injury of the consumer; and the bread of unrefined flour sustains life, while that made from refined will not. Keep a man on brown bread and water, and he will enjoy good health—give him white bread and water, and he will soon sicken, and probably in a short time die—because the former is richer in all the elements of nutrition. Take 1,000 pounds of the whole grain, and you have of fat, or meat-producing material, 28 pounds; in fine flour, 20 pounds—of muscular matter in the whole grain, 156 pounds; in fine flour, 130 pounds—and of bony material in the whole grain, 170 pounds; in fine flour, 60 pounds; in bran, 700 pounds. Thus, in using the whole grain you have 8 pounds of respiratory, 26 pounds of muscular, and 110 pounds of bony material, more than you can get from fine flour, besides its being more wholesome. Another great waste is caused by fermenting the bread, amounting to not less than twelve 4-pound loaves in every sack of flour. Our consumption is 23,000,000 sacks; the loss from this source is 276,000,000 loaves every year.—*English Paper.*

"OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY."

A little bird brushed my window by,
'Twixt the level street and the level sky,
The level rows of houses tall,
The blank noon-sun on the level wall;
And all that the little bird did say
Was—"Over the hills and far away."

A little bird sang behind my chair,
From the level line of cornfields fair,
The smooth green hedgerow's level round
Just a furlong off—the horizon's bound
And the level lawn where the sun all day
Burns—"Over the hills and far away."

A little bird sings above my bed;
And I know, if I could but lift my head,
I should see the sun set, red and grand,
Upon level sea and level sand—
While beyond the misty distance gray
Lies "Over the hills and far away."

I think that a little bird will sing
Over a fresh green mound next spring,
Where something that once clothed me, ye'll leave
'Neath the level shadows of morn and eve,
But I shall be gone, past night, past day,
"Over the hills and far away."

Follies of Education.—Read this, from an article in the "Medical Counsellor," of Columbus, Ohio:

"The youth from ten to fifteen returns home from school with langor and fatigue depicted in his countenance, loaded down by weighty dictionaries, histories and readers, to spend the hours in study which the general system demands for the exercise of those functions which, during the day, have been dormant, and members of the body that, from a protracted constrained position, are aching with pain.

"The consequent evils to society and humanity which result from this forced system of education, in impeding the development of the body and in impairing nutrition in those who are to be the future men and women of our nation, are great, indeed; but they fall far, very far, short of those which attend the acquisition of academic or collegiate knowledge. The former occasionally are permitted freely to expand the chest and stretch the limb by unrestrained exercise, but those of the latter—especially the females—*never*. They enter these polite, fashionable prisons, with elastic muscle, buoyant spirits, active digestion, and rosy cheeks; and before the course is half-completed, the pulse relaxes, the spirit flags, dyspepsia supervenes, the cheek becomes sallow or blanched; and all the horrors of impaired digestion and assimilation are upon them."

Quebec Ladies Skating Costume.—They wear a costume very sensible and appropriate for that purpose. How shall I venture to describe it? And yet I think many a lady in England would do well to copy it who has to walk forth in muddy or windy weather. They wear a garment appropriately called "a Cossack," such, indeed, as that with which the horsemen of the Czar cover their legs,—in other words, exceedingly wide trowsers. Into these trowsers they stuff that heterogeneous assemblage of linen, flannel, and calico robes which generally impede a lady in the exercise of her pedestrian powers; and that they may still appear in their feminine costume, they wear a thickly-quilted petticoat, somewhat shorter perhaps than usual, but in no way partaking of the Bloomer character. I am assured that nothing can exceed the comfort of this quilted-petticoat. It is soft, light, impervious to the wind, keeps the skirts of the gown in proper form, and is free from all that flutter and net-like catching of the knee of which the usual dress is guilty, while it is obvious to the meanest comprehension, I should think without further explanation, that the contents of the Cossack must make a sufficiently soft cushion in the case of a fall. Such is the dress suggested by the necessities of the case, and worn by ladies when engaged in skating, walking in snow-shoes, or coasting.—*Kingston's Western Wanderings.*

Bright Hours and Gloomy.—Ah, this beautiful world! Indeed, I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and heaven itself lies not far off; and then it suddenly changes, and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the day. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come gloomy hours, when the fire will not burn on our hearths, and all without and within is dismal, cold, and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—*Longfellow.*

The Loves of the Spiders.—Did the reader ever watch the terrible coquetry of the female spider? We say terrible, for it is a perilous game for the young gentleman; if he misinterprets her looks and actions—if his vanity, or the thoughtlessness of youth, induce him to imagine he has inspired a passion deeper than coquetry, she does not, as our coquettes do, draw up her head and coolly declare "there must be some mistake," but pounces on the unlucky coxcomb and slays him on the spot! Prescient of such a possibility, it is wonderful to see how stealthily and humbly the gallant, gay Lothario pays his court.

☞ Sharp Shoe Black—"I say, Bill, what's the last letter but one of the alphabet?" Bill—"Y." Sharp Shoe Black—"Cos I wants to know, stoopid."

PORTABLE GREEN-HOUSES AND FOUNTAINS.

BY MRS. LOUDON.

Among the many things belonging to what may be called minor luxuries, in which the French decidedly excel the English, may be reckoned their portable green-houses and fountains; both of which are intended for the decoration of living rooms, and are extremely graceful and ornamental at a very trifling outlay of either money or trouble. The portable green-houses are of various shapes and sizes, but the most common are either round or oblong, and about the size of a common work-table. The space usually set aside for work is partly filled with water, which is heated by a lamp hanging below, while above the hot water is a tray filled with sand, in which a number of small pots are plunged; and over all is a glass roof, like a large hand-glass. The whole may be made more or less ornamental, according to the taste or wish of the possessor. In France, the lamp is filled with spirits of wine; oil or gas might be used as a substitute. The pots are filled with cuttings taken off the points of the shoots after the blossom buds are formed, so that large flowers may sometimes be seen expanded on little plants only two or three inches high; and, as the pots in which the plants are grown are also very small, and plunged up to their rims in the sand, the appearance of one of these green-houses is very striking, as the whole of the sand appears one mass of flowers. A portable green-house, well managed, is, indeed, very ornamental, and much more so than one of Ward's cases; as the appearance of the latter is frequently spoilt by the moisture which accumulates on the inside of the glass, and which is avoided in the portable green-house by a pane being made to open and shut in the glass roof.

Among the New-Year's gifts in Paris, for 1856, we saw what might be called a doll's green-house, built exactly on the model of a large green-house, and the pots which were principally filled with different kinds of small cactus, not plunged in sand, but in rows on the brick floor; this little green-house had also a heating apparatus.

The portable fountains are more suited for warm weather than for this season of the year, but on a bright sunny day they look pretty at almost any season; they are generally placed in the centre of what the French call a *Jardiniere*—that is, an ornamental wooden stand, generally in rustic work, filled with plants in pots surrounded by moss, and often with ivy, or some other training plant hanging down. In the centre of this is a small frame, filled with water, which is forced up through a tube, so as to form a graceful little fountain, the forcing apparatus being wound up like a clock, and continuing to act an hour or more, or less according to the size of the fountain.

In a late article we mentioned the best mode of growing Hyacinths and other bulbs in glasses; but we did not allude to the practice of germinating acorns and the seeds of other trees in the same manner. Nothing can be more curious than to see an oak or a hazel grown in this way, like a miniature-tree; the young leaves very small, and of the most delicate green, but of the same shape as their larger brethren. When it is wished to grow a seed in this manner, a Hyacinth-glass must be filled about two-thirds with water; a piece of pasteboard is then cut to rest in the top-part of the glass, which is usually filled with the bulb; from this glass is suspended two or three threads, in loops, crossing each other, so as to form a sort of cradle for the acorn or other seed, which must be suspended so as to be near the water but not touch it. When the seed has been suspended, a piece of leather must be tied over the top of the glass to prevent evaporation, as the moisture rising from the water, together with the air which is left in the apparent vacant part of the glass, are essential to the vegetation of the acorn, which, if the outer skin of the acorn remained intact, might remain for years in the water without ever vegetating at all. There are, in fact, three conditions which are actually essential to the vegetation of seeds, with the acid of which seeds will germinate and leaves be developed without any assistance from the earth, though when the plants begin to grow they will become dwarfed and weak, if not supplied with additional nourishment. Another example of this is seen in mustard and cress, which may be grown on wet flannel in a saucer till it gets large enough to serve as a small salad.

In suspending the seeds, notice must be taken of the point from which the shoot is developed, and which must be turned upwards; as, otherwise, the plant loses a considerable portion of its strength in the efforts it makes to bring its shoot into an upright position. This point is generally opposite the *pilum*, or scar, which marks where the nut is attached to the husk; but in the date, the young shoot springs from a little round mark in the back of the seed. The root and the upright shoot always come from the same opening; and the root, by a beautiful provision of Nature, is developed first, that it may supply nourishment to the young shoot. Some seeds are much longer in germinating than others, the date particularly long, and requires to be kept very warm. In general, the outer skin remains shrunk up and withered at the point of union between the upright shoot and the nut; but, in some cases—as, for instance, in the pine and the fir tribe—the outer skin of the seed is pushed up like a cap on the top of the young leaves, several of which are developed together.

Happiness.—To watch the corn grow and the blossom set, to draw hard breath over ploughshare or spade, to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things to make man happy; they have always had the power of doing these; they never *will* have power to do more. The world's prosperity or adversity depends upon our knowing and teaching these few things, but upon iron or glass, or electricity or steam, in no wise. And I am utopian and enthusiastic enough to believe that the time will come when the world will discover this. It has now made its experiments in every possible direction but the right one; and it seems that it must at last try the right one in a mathematical necessity. It has tried fighting and preaching and fasting, buying and selling, pomp and parsimony, pride and humiliation—every possible manner of existence in which it could conjecture there was any happiness or dignity; and all the while, as it bought, sold, and fought, and fasted and wearied itself with policies, and ambition, and self-denials, God had placed its real happiness in the keeping of the little mosses of the wayside and of the clouds of the firmament.—*Ruskin.*

☞ A French master going on horseback to teach at an academy for ladies, was thrown off his horse into a ditch. When he made his appearance before the mistress, in order to apologize for the dirt which besmeared his habiliments, he said, "Ah, madame, I have fallen in de *ditch*." "Oui, monsieur, I see it, you are covered with the *gravy*."

For the Ladies.

TASSELS, FOR SOFA-CUSHIONS, &c.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

The most ordinary is the Dresden tassel, which has four pendant ornaments from its centre. Frequently the top of each is enriched further with a rosette. This is the least expensive sort of tassel.

In another, the *jupe*, or pendant part, is composed of five silk cord. This looks pretty when *variegated*; and among the most pleasing combinations we may mention shades of violet and green, to match a violet cushion, braided with two shades of green Albert.

A more elaborate and newer style, and one admirable for wear, has the jupe of star braid, in loops. This tassel is usually composed of two plain colors only. A still richer one is a chenille tassel; not the soft chenille which we use for scarf tassels, but a manufacture of the same material. The way this tassel is made gives it peculiar richness. There is a deep jupe of one color, and a shorter upper one. Claret and maize, blue and amber, and many other combinations, are so arranged. In all these varieties, the cord is made to match, and is of sufficient length for an ordinary cushion.

The *purse* trimmings are as various as those for cushions, or, indeed, more so. Those termed *passementerie*, combining gold and silver thread with colored silks, are the most fashionable. Some purses have drops, technically termed olives pendant, instead of the loose silk fringe. Smoking-cap tassels are also charming, when composed, in this manner, of colored silks and gold; and when gold is used in any part of the cap itself, it should always form part of the tassel. The same may be said of screen-handles, and many other articles. It is in this exquisite and appropriate finish of details that the French so generally excel us. As in their dress, so in their fancy work—all the *fournitures* are made to harmonize.

The work termed *passementerie*, by which small wooden moulds, of various forms are covered with gold, silver or silk, or perhaps all combined, so as to present all the appearance of *plaiting*, is done only in Paris. It needs, however, only to be known to be popular here. One very pretty use for the *passementerie* balls would be as heads for the tassels, now furnishing the fashionable neck-ribbons and bracelets. They would, indeed, be infinitely better than anything we can produce in England, and being, besides, of pure gold, would be far more durable.—*From The Work-Table, a Supplement to The Lady's Newspaper.*—*London.*

FASHION AND DRESS.

Plain satin has of late been but little seen in evening dress, the preference having been given to brocades and figured satins, and silks of various kinds. The fashion of plain satins seems now, however, likely to revive. One of the new evening dresses just completed for a lady of distinguished taste, is composed of plain light blue satin. The dress has a double skirt and a demi-train. Each skirt is trimmed with a deep flounce of Honiton lace, headed by a quilling of ribbon, and the upper skirt is gathered up at each side, so as to give it somewhat the appearance of a tunic, the folds being fixed by a silver agrafe. The corsage is ornamented with a berthe formed of a double frill of Honiton, headed by a trimming of quilled ribbon. The berth descends in front *en cœur*, and in the space left in the centre of the corsage between the sides of the berthe are placed three bows of blue velvet, each fixed by an agrafe of silver. Similar bows, with agrafes, ornamented the short sleeves. Diamond agrafes may be substituted for those of silver. Various elegant articles of lingerie, composed of lace and muslin, are constantly making their appearance. They are chiefly remarkable for beauty and novelty of pattern, and superior quality in the lace and needlework. We may mention that most of the pocket-handkerchiefs adopted in ball and evening costume are composed almost entirely of lace, the cambric centre being now reduced to the very smallest dimensions. In caps, canezous, &c., the fashion of combining black and white lace, and black velvet and colored ribbon, remains unabated. Fichus of white lace are trimmed with narrow black velvet, and colored sarsenet ribbon covered with black lace. Some of the prettiest of the new caps consist of alternate rows of black and white lace, ornamented at the sides with bouquets of flowers in natural colors. One of the most *distingue* of the new dresses of the season presents the novelty of combining black, white, and a color of bright hue. This dress consist of white silk, and is trimmed with three flounces of white tulle, each bordered by four rows of cerise-color velvet, of graduated widths, the broadest being placed undermost. Over each of these flounces there is another flounce of magnificent black lace, edged with deep vandykes. The rows of cerise-color velvet on the under-flounce of tulle are fully displayed between the vandykes of the black lace flounce, thus producing an effect at once novel and pretty.

The new lace jackets are similar in form to those we have already, at various times, mentioned. Among the prettiest we have seen is one of black lace closed in front, from the waist to the throat, by five or six small bows of pink sarsenet ribbon.

The once favorite head-dress, called the *petit-bord*, consisting of a small hat of velvet or satin, worn at the back of the head, has been adopted at two or three of the evening assemblies which have recently taken place in the fashionable circles of Paris. One of these *petit-bords* was composed of cerulean blue velvet, trimmed with blonde and pendent sprays of small blue flowers. A long blue and white marabout feather was fixed on one side by an aigrette of diamonds. Another head-dress of the same kind consisted of velvet of a beautiful mallow color, or pale lilac. The hat was trimmed with the flower of the mallow, with long pendent leaves, frosted. We may mention a *petit-bord* of black velvet, which was effectively trimmed with a bouquet of roses and white ostrich feathers.

Among the newest walking-dresses may be mentioned one of violet-color reps, figured with very narrow transversal stripes of a darker tint of violet than the ground. The skirt of this dress has no trimming. The corsage is close from the waist to the throat, and fastened by buttons of violet-color crystal. At the waist the corsage is finished by a small basque. The sleeves are formed of a puff, which commences a little beneath the shoulder, and a frill descending to below the elbow. The frill is headed by a quilling of ribbon, terminating in a bow and flowing ends on the outside of the arm. The under sleeves in form correspond with those of the dress, and consist of one or two puffs, finished at the lower end by a frill.—*The Lady's Newspaper.*

THE RAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Lo! the Spring clouds with the rain—
Gentle rain!
On the hill top, in the valley, o'er the furrowed plain,
Dropping, dropping, dropping, dropping,
Dropping faster for a time—
Then as gentle in its stopping,
Sparkles in the sun the dropping,
As with majesty sublime
Golden rays, rays, rays,
Kindle with a glory blaze,
Hill top, valley, plain—
Kissing every tiny crystal, dropped there by the gentle rain.
By the rain, rain, rain, rain,
Rain, rain, rain—
By the dropping, gentle dropping of the rain.

Lo! the Summer clouds with rain,
Welcome rain!
How the thirsty world will drink it—blessed, boundless gain!
Lift the flowers their drooping heads,
As the bounteous blessing sheds—
And drink with mirth,
From their saturated beds,
The pure and crystal nectar that it spreads
O'er the earth!
How it swells each grateful vein!
The farmer's hopes grow buoyant, like his waving grain;
And his heart how it beats,
To the melody that greets,
In the dashing and the splashing
Of the rain, rain, rain,
Of the rain, rain, rain, rain,
Rain, rain, rain,
In the dashing and the splashing of the rain!

See the storm-clouds black with rain—
Pouring rain!
Freeght with tempests fierce and dire—while with a loud proclaim,
Thunders deep yet distant far,
Chariot-wheels of tempest-war—
As essaying to suppress
Its pent up awfulness,
Till a time,
When above our heads it crashes, while the lightning's vivid fire,
Glares amid the maddened conflict, peal on peal, convulsions dire
Thus it spends its wrathful ire,
Mingling wild the storm and fire—
As though seeking to acquire,
In a fit of mad desire,
The reading of our peaceful clime!
Then the rain, rain, rain,
Nothing, nothing can restrain—
How it pours!
On the roof it pelts amain,
Then against the window pane,
Then assails in maddening burst the close barred doors!
Calm you watch the driving storm!
Rain a pouring,
Thunders roaring,
Lightnings flash, in varied form—
Gather in their might again,
Storms and tempest, fire and rain!
Wait yet awhile!
How bright the smile
That Nature wears so well!
The storm is o'er,
And where before
But discord seemed to dwell,
Behold the glorious sunshine!
While hanging high,
On eastern sky,
Rainbows span the golden shrine—
Hopeful rainbows, painted on the dropping, dropping, dropping rain—
On the rain—
On the rain, rain, rain,
Rain, rain, rain—
On the dropping, gentle dropping of the rain.

See the Winter clouds with rain—
Freezing rain!
What a chill and shiver now it sends through every vein!
With a flurry and a splash,
How the loosened torrents dash:
Madly dance upon the cold and hardened ground—
On the house-tops hear the clatter
Of a never ending patter—
What a sound!
Frantic and wild! a rage
That nothing can assuage
But a round
Of horrid conflicts, that might earth and sky confound—
For with raining, raining, raining,
Comes a cold tempestuous blow;
Now rejoicing, now complaining,
Laughter wild and cries of woe;
With a melancholy moan,
Now a deep sepulchral groan—
To compose
With the clatter of the sleet,
And the beat, beat, beat,
Beat—
And patter of the rain!
Now it shrieks—a shriek of pain,
Mid the pat'ter of the rain!
And the snow and hail unite,
In a whirling, hurling flight,
With the patter of the rain—
Of the rain!
And the snow and hail still fight,
In a whirling, hurling flight,
With the driving of the rain—
Of the rain, rain, rain,
With the striving of the rain!
Faster, faster all the time,
Howl the bleak winds! and with pain
Keep a melancholy chime,
With the patter of the rain!
Of the rain, rain, rain, rain,
Rain, rain, rain—
With the patter and the clatter of the rain.

RICARDO.

THE REV. DR. CROLY ON NEWSPAPERS.—The newspaper, the most influential of all human works, is the creation of printing. It has, like all the works of man, occasional imperfections, and perhaps the most prominent are its too minute details of offences against public purity. But there is scarcely a newspaper in this age which would not have been regarded as a triumph of ability in the last. In fact, the newspaper is the great practical teacher of the people. Its constant and universal teaching alone accounts for the superior intelligence of our population.—Schools, lecture-rooms, and universities, important as they all are, altogether fall behind it in public effect, or find that, to retain their influence, they must follow its steps. Those steps may now and then turn from the right road, but their native tendency is forward and upward. This intellectual giant always advances, and carries the country with him to a height which no other country, ancient or modern, ever attained, or perhaps ever hoped to attain. If in an age of foreign convulsion England has undergone no catastrophe—if in the fall of monarchies she has preserved her hereditary throne—if in the mingled infidelity and superstition of the Continent (which, like the mingled frenzy and fetters of a lunatic hospital, have in our day exhibited the lowest humiliation in nature), she has preserved her freedom and her religion—I attribute all, under God, to the vigor and intelligence of public investigation, the incessant urgency of appeal to the public mind, the living organization of which the heart is the Press of England.

INQUIRING FOR A HUSBAND.—The ladies of Moscow observe a curious custom on New Year's Eve. Precisely at twelve o'clock a servant is stationed at the front door of the house, and the first gentleman who passes is stopped and requested to give his Christian name. This is immediately told to the mistress, as is believed by her to be the name of her future husband. If no figure passes, it is considered as tantamount that the lady will not be married that year. Many are the amusing scenes sometimes enacted by some favorite swain or gay Lothario getting behind his mistresses' chair, and appearing as soon as the clock strikes twelve, while she is engaged looking in a glass.

THE SUB-MARINE RAILWAY.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

Our engraving will give a correct idea of Mr. De la Haye's plan of a sub-aqueous railroad between England and France. A number of plans have been proposed—some of them involving a tunnel *under* the bottom of the sea, but Mr. De La Haye was, we believe, the first to propose the connection by means of a road laid *upon* the bottom.

"A very little reflection," says he, "will suffice to show that however gigantic such a work may be, it can far more easily be accomplished than the constructing of breakwaters in exposed situations. In the latter, the whole work has to be done in spite of the violence of the waves; while in the case of the sub-marine tunnel, the work can be all but completed on land; for instead of *boring*, as of old, it can be built; and when placed in *situ*, is infinitely safer, as a means of traveling, than are the best ships, exposed to all the chances of the wind and the sea."

The channel which separates the two countries being little more than one hundred thousand feet wide, instead of tunnelling the bed of the sea, it is proposed to tunnel the sea itself, by means of an iron tube, constructed in one hundred divisions. Each of these divisions is to be one thousand feet in length; and all, according to Mr. De la Haye's calculation, could be constructed within the period of five years.

The mode in which this great work could be accomplished is, he says, by the construction of an outer tube or shell, composed of sheet iron, one inch thick, one hundred feet wide, and twenty-five feet high. This is to be slightly arched in the centre, so as to form a gradient towards the edge of the tunnel floor. Each division is to be lowered on the bed of the water, and an inner tunnel of the ordinary form constructed in the centre of the outer tube, and the space between the two built up with stonework. The safety of the inner tunnel would thus be independent of the outer tube, which would be required chiefly to exclude the water while constructing the tunnel. Every available means, however, is to be used for protecting the outer tube, by coating it in the same way as iron ships are done, and covering it with tarred canvas and oak planks, the joints of which are to be caulked as they are done in vessels constructed with timber. The form of the outer tube is to be such as would allow the waves easily to flow over it, particularly near the shores, where a greater breadth would be required than in deeper water.

"The importance, however," says Mr. De la Haye, "of a great breadth of beam cannot be denied, as it would allow a larger space for stonework, which would add greatly to the stability of the structure, and render it almost as enduring as the bed of the channel itself, of which it would, as it were, become an almost inseparable portion."

The cost of such a structure is estimated not to exceed ten millions sterling, exclusive of approaches and stations, which it is suggested would have to be built on a scale of magnificence in accordance with the sub-marine railway, of which each would be the terminus. Each station, in fact, might be viewed in the light of the portal which opens to the kingdom to which it belongs. The idea is a stupendous one—but who can venture to affix limits to the possibilities of modern science and art?

MIDNIGHT.

Huferland, in his treatise on sleep, has some curious as well as forcible ideas on the necessity of devoting midnight to rest and sleep. He considers that the period of twenty-four hours, which is produced by the regular revolutions of the earth on its axis, marks its influence most definitely on the physical economy of man. Diseases show this regular influence in their daily rise and fall. Settled regular fever exhibits a twenty-four hours' flux and reflux. In the healthful state, there is manifested the same regular influence, and the more habitual our meals, our hours of exercise or employment, and our hours of sleep, the more power is there in the system to resist disease. In the morning the pulse is slow and the nerves calmer, and the mind and the body better fitted for labor. As we advance towards the evening of the day, the pulse becomes accelerated, and an almost feverish state is produced which, in excitable persons, becomes an absolute evening fever. Rest carries off this fever by its sleep, and the refreshing opening of its pores which sleep produces. In this nightly respiration there is an absolute crisis of this evening fever, and this periodical crisis is necessary to every one, for it carries off whatever useless or pernicious particles our bodies may have imbibed.

This evening fever, Huferland thinks, is not entirely owing to the accession of new chyle to the system, but to the departure of the sun and of the light. The crisis of this fever, to be most effective by its regularity, ought to take place at midnight, when the sun is in its nadir, and then the body becomes refreshed for the early morning labor. Those who neglect this period, either push this diurnal crisis into the morning, and thus undermine the importance of its regularity, or lose it entirely, and arise to their labors unrefreshed by sleep. Their bodies will not have been purified by the nightly crisis, and the seeds of disease will have thus been planted.

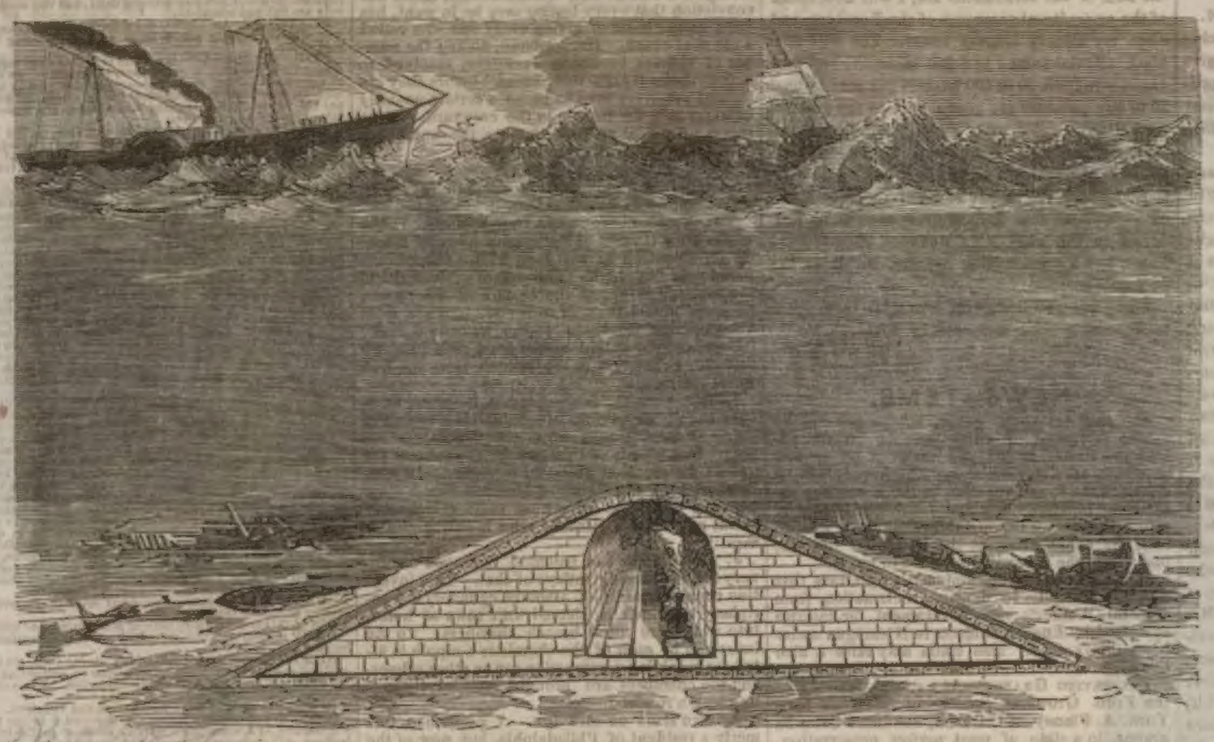
Nervous people are peculiarly subject to the influence of this evening fever, and think they cannot labor without its excitement. Hence their mental efforts are performed in the night alone; the important time for the crisis of their nervous excitement passes over in wakefulness, and no refreshing perspiration cleanses the body or strengthens the nerves. Such people will wear out soon, unless they change their habits and seek rest when nature and the human constitution dictate.

These considerations ought to be deeply studied and regarded by all who are in the ruinous habit of turning night into day, and of changing the functions of each.

A failure of health will soon manifest the truth of these remarks.

THE BONNET.—An eminent English physician says:—"I have to lament the great increase, amongst the female part of my practice, of tic doloreux in the forehead, loss of sight, and great suffering in the ear, induced I firmly believe, from the present absurd fashion of dressing the neck instead of the head. During the past month I have been in attendance upon two lovely girls with tic doloreux in the forehead, and several others with similar complaints. It is high time the frivolous bonnet of the present day should be done away with."

☞ All changes of the relative level of land and water are caused by the rising and sinking of the earth's crust. It is the land that advances or recedes rather than the water.



THE SUB-MARINE RAILWAY BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

THE MARRIED WOMAN'S EYE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY AUNT ALICE.

Annie Slim is a sewing-girl, and an old maid, a very quiet, industrious one, too, and although she said little, she observed a great deal. Every circle of fashion has some pet sewing-girl, for whom they strive, and almost quarrel over when the spring and fall sewing accumulates in great quantities. Annie Slim is ours. How she lives or where she keeps herself after all the sewing is completed, we never knew. She always appeared bright and new just at the right time, and then what a scramble there is to see who can engage her first.

Now you may ask, "What have we to do with all this?" Well let me tell you; Annie Slim has been my sewing-girl for the last two weeks, and we have become great friends, and done up great quantities of sewing and mending during that time. We have had very few interruptions, as the snow lies thickly on the prairies, and great drifts are heaped around our dwelling.

Few ladies could venture out, and so Annie has been all the companion I have had through the long winter evenings. I have found that Annie can talk, too, and some of her stories have interested me very much.

Last week when the Saturday Evening Post came to hand, I took it up and read aloud to her "The Married Man's Eye." When I had finished, Annie looked up with a quiet smile and said,

"I think a reply should be written to that, for I could tell many a tale of the Married *Woman's* Eye."

"Why, Annie," said I, "you surprise me, I think the piece I have been reading is so true."

"That may all be," said Annie, "but the wife's eye is a very powerful weapon, and I have seen it used so often, that I am now in the habit of looking out for it." Here Annie snipped off her thread, and commenced another button hole.

It would be useless to repeat all our conversation, but I will give you Annie's experience, in her own words, as near as I can.

"When I first came to this prairie, I was brought here by old Mr. Wild. He found me in a village about ten miles from here, where I was sewing for the tailors, and doing what little work was needed in the town. Mr. Wild told me he could warrant me constant employment here, and his wife had requested him to find a seamstress if possible, as she had a full month's sewing on hand. Mr. Wild offered to pay me one dollar and twenty-five cents per week and board me, so I climbed into his little wagon and came home with him.

"Mr. Wild is a very pleasant old man, and very talkative; he told me, during our ride, all about the first settling of this prairie, and what hard times they had here years ago shaking with the 'ager,' and how hard he and his wife had to work to get along.

"Well, about sundown we arrived at his door, and I was taken in and introduced to his wife and daughter. The old man went out to put up his horse. Mrs. Wild was a fine looking woman for one of her years; and Miss Wild quite a beautiful girl. They dressed rather too much, but no one would have thought to look at them that they had ever worked, or shook with the 'ager.' Presently Mrs. Wild rang a little bell, a slatternly looking girl answered the summons, and she was ordered to set the table and get the supper. Then Mrs. Wild turned to her daughter and said,

"'Julia, you can take Miss Slim to her room, and show her where to put her cloak and bonnet.'

"So I hastily picked up these articles from the chair and followed Julia out of the room. She took me to a little room at the head of the stairs, hung my bonnet on a nail near the foot of the bed, and laid my cloak on my trunk, which had already been carried up. Julia seemed very amiable, and said she was sorry her mother had given me that small room.

"'Never mind,' said she, 'I will coax mother to let you sleep in my room before the week is past. I generally have my own way, if I coax hard enough.'

"We were soon called down to tea, and there we found Mr. Wild already seated at the table. He was not so talkative as he had been on the road, and as I never have much to say at first with strangers, the conversation had to be kept up by Mrs. Wild and her daughter. They spoke of a new family who had arrived that day, and wondered where they would find a house fit to live in.

"'And, pa,' said Julia, 'I heard Mr. Simons tell the gentleman, that you owned an old cabin near the river, and that perhaps you would let them occupy it for a while.'

"'Well,' said Mrs. Wild, 'they will not receive many calls, if they go there to live.'

"'Why, ma,' said Julia, 'we had plenty of calls in that old house, from the mosquitoes, and such delightful serenades from the frogs.'

"Mrs. Wild looked annoyed, but only laughed to hear her daughter run on, saying all sorts of queer things about the old house.

"But when Mr. Wild began to speak of old times, in the old house, her eye quelled him at once. He would stop in the middle of a sentence when he met *that* look.

"The next morning I was taken into a little back room, and piles of sewing placed before me. During the week Mrs. Wild found out that I could make men's clothing, so she had a vest and some pants cut out, and I went to work on them. Mr. Wild was so much pleased with them when they were finished, that he came near making a very unlucky speech.

"'Wife,' said he, 'I only promised to pay Miss Slim one dollar and a-quarter a week, but if she makes such clothes as these, she is well worth two dollars; and I will be very—'

"He caught his wife's eye, hesitated, and then left the room. I remained with them four weeks, and received five dollars for my work.

"I went from there to Mrs. Holt. She was a pleasant little widow lady, with five small children—and her eye was ever pleasant at that time. She is married now to her second husband; and I noticed, when last I sewed for her, that if her husband ever chanced to speak of the 'time he boarded with her,' her eye checked him almost savagely.

"Julia Wild became 'Mrs. Graves,' two years ago, and poor Mr. Graves watches her eye anxiously, and stops or goes on, just as her eye gives him permission. I sit and sew for them all, saying little, but often amusing myself by watching the poor husbands quake before the 'married woman's eye.'"

Annie *bit* her thread off this time, and I knew her story was at an end. It has quite set me to thinking; and if both parties use their eyes to such an extent, I wonder which will come off victorious. And I have been thinking too, that perhaps the wonderful *married eye* is often only used where a curb is *needed*.

NOON AND MORNING.

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again!

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again!

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air—
But it never comes again!

THE SITE OF ST. PETERSBURG.—Those who imagine that Peter chose that site without consideration, or because he had derived his only ideas of a city from Amsterdam, with which, during his residence there, he had become familiar, form a too narrow estimate of that coarse but vigorous genius. His ambition rose far beyond the country of which he found himself the master, and far beyond the day in which he expected to live. He placed before himself the map of the world; he saw that Europe, Asia, and America converge towards the North Pole, and that Russia, situated on the point where their meridians meet, appeared to be their destined mistress. He formed the purpose of turning this assumed intention of the Creator into a fact; by successive conquests, to give the people the possession of three worlds, and by the opening of rivers, canals, and caravans, to form the remotest regions into a single state. With such an idea before him, the position of St. Petersburg was well chosen, although for the purposes of ordinary life nothing could well be worse. There they tremble upon a great subterranean scaffolding, "ready," as I have heard it graphically said, "to sink into the marsh, like a stage-ghost through a trap-door," with a climate so destructive to buildings that the glittering exterior which we have just surveyed, has to be renewed every summer at enormous cost, with a neighborhood so difficult of drainage that no food can be raised without incredible labor, and in the forests of which (as I can testify, from having obtained and sent home the head of one of them) the wolves still prowl; and, above all, with the *possibility* suspended over them of a complete submergence beneath the surrounding waters; for whenever it shall happen that a powerful west wind shall blow during the fortnight that witnesses the breaking up of the ice, the tide of the Gulf of Finland will meet the tide of Lake Ladoga, and, rising together, they will roll over the city, (no part of which is fifteen feet above the ordinary level,) when its palaces, monuments and temples, together with the 400,000 souls which constitute its population, will experience a fate not less terrible than that of Herculaneum and Pompeii.—*Gurney's Evening Recreations.*

HAS THE EARTH A RING?—The venerable Humbolt, from observations recently made respecting the zodiacal light, draws the conclusion that the earth is surrounded with a nebulous ring lying within the orbit of the moon! This startling conclusion is drawn from the fact that the zodiacal light has been seen simultaneously at both east and west horizons. It is rather odd if we have been for ages playing the part of a smaller Saturn among our brother and sister planets, without knowing it!

☞ There is true poetry in the answer of Allan Cunningham to Chaunting, who having caused a splendid vault to be built for himself, proposed to the great poet that he also should be buried in it. "No, no!" answered Allan, "I'll not be built over when I'm dead; I'LL LIE WHAR' THE WIND SMALL BLOW OVER, AND THE DAISIES GROW UPON MY GRAVE."

MANSIONS OF THE FIFTH-AVENUE.DLES

The Honorable Miss Murray, in her work on America, gives the following rather glowing description of some of the splendid mansions to which she was invited in New York. The particular house which she describes in detail, is Haight's fine brown stone mansion, on the corner of Fifteenth street and Fifth Avenue:

"Having given a brief description of the style of the ordinary dwellings of the affluent, I will just glance at those of the very wealthy, of which there are several in Fifth Avenue, and some of the squares, surpassing anything I had hitherto witnessed in royal or ducal palaces at home. The externals of some of these mansions in Fifth Avenue are like Apsley House and Stafford House, St. James; being substantially built of brown stone. At one house which I visited in —— street, about the largest private residence in the city, and one which is considered to combine the greatest splendor with the greatest taste, we entered a spacious marble hall, leading to a circular stone staircase of great width, the balustrades being figures elaborately cast in bronze.—Above this staircase was a lofty dome, decorated with paintings in fresco of eastern scenes. There were niches in the walls, some containing Italian statuary, and others small jets of water pouring over artificial moss. There were six or eight magnificent reception-rooms, furnished in various styles—the Mediæval, the Elizabethan, the Italian, the Persian, the modern English, etc. There were fountains of fairy workmanship, pictures from the old masters, statues from Italy, *chefs d'œuvre* of art; porcelain from China and Sevres; damasks, cloth of gold, *bijoux* from the East; Gobelin tapestry, tables of malachite and agate, and 'nick-nacks' of every description. In the Mediæval and Elizabethan apartments it did not appear to me any anachronisms had been committed with respect to the furniture and decorations. The light was subdued by passing through windows of rich stained glass. I saw one table, the value of which might be about 2,000 guineas. The ground was black marble, with a wreath of flowers inlaid with very costly gems upon it.—There were flowers or bunches of fruit, of torquoises, carbuncles, rubies, topazes and emeralds, while the leaves were of malachite, cornelian, or agate. The effect produced by this lavish employment of wealth was not very good. The bed-rooms were scarcely less magnificently furnished than the reception-rooms; with chairs formed of stag-horns, tables inlaid with agates, and hangings of Damascus cashmere, richly embossed with gold. There was nothing gaudy, profuse or prominent in the decorations or furniture—everything had evidently been selected and arranged by a person of very refined taste.—Among the very beautiful works of art, was a collection of cameos, including some of Cellini's, from the antique, which were really entrancing to look upon. Another mansion, which N. P. Willis justly describes as 'a fairy palace of taste and art,' though not so extensive, was equally beautiful, and possessed a large winter garden. This was approached by passing through a succession of very beautiful rooms, the walls of which were hung with paintings which would have delighted a connoisseur. It was a glass building with a high dome; a fine fountain was playing in the centre, and round its marble basin were orange, palm and myrtle trees, with others from the tropics, some of them of considerable growth.—Every part of the floor that was not of polished white marble, was thickly carpeted with small green ferns. The gleam of white marble statues, from among the clumps of orange trees and other shrubs, was particularly pretty; indeed, the whole had a fairy-like appearance about it. Such mansions as these were rather at variance with my ideas of republican simplicity; they contained apartments which would have thrown into the shade the finest rooms in Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace. It is not the custom for Americans to leave large fortunes to their children; their wealth is spent, in great measure, in surrounding themselves with the beautiful and the elegant in their splendid mansions: and it is probable that the adornments which have been collected with so much expense and trouble, will be dispersed at the death of their present possessors."

ETIQUETTE OF VISITING CARDS.—When you drop your piece of pasteboard anywhere, even in the very genteelest neighborhood, let it be a piece of pasteboard, and nothing more, except in being engraven with your name and address. Do not, at any rate, let your card be enamelled. The enamel is prepared from lead; and the process of applying it is stated, on good authority, to produce paralysis of the hands, and other miserable complaints among the poor people engaged in this ridiculous manufacture. A shiny card imparts no lustre to the name upon it; but communicates an appearance of vulgar glitter to the table or shelf whereon it is deposited. If you rejoice in polish, concentrate that quality on your manners, conversation and boots. In case you feel it absolutely necessary to display your taste in your visiting cards, have them embossed; and then it will be as well also for you to wear lace-collars, and shirt-cuffs, of the same material. But eschew those cards that are enamelled; and which, to the enlightened eye, are glazed with what may be called a shine taken out of the health of unhappy victims afflicted with palsy and colic.—*Punch.*

INTERMITTENT FEVER IN OLD Times in England.—Cromwell.

It appears that in the old times, the intermittent fever or ague, raged with great virulence in England. Cromwell died of it; and it was, next to the plague, one of the most virulent scourges. Bishop Burnet tells us it destroyed and weakened so many in one season, that part of the harvest was lost, from the lack of men or women able to gather the crop.—Assuming the epidemic form, it periodically ravaged London, until the surrounding marshes, Moorfields, Wapping and Lambeth, were drained; since then, the disease has almost totally disappeared from the metropolis. Cromwell's father died of the "cruel ague" himself, when his son was a young man; his mother, brothers, sisters, and servants were grievously afflicted by it; and his first appearance in public life was to oppose the crown commissioners, who, with reams of parchment and rolls of red tape, attempted to obstruct the drainage of the unhealthy fens surrounding his native town of Huntingdon.

A well-known psychological fact, connected with the baneful effects of marsh malaria, is supposed to throw considerable light on the less understood peculiarities of Cromwell's character.—Hypochondriasis, like ague, is frequently caused by atmospheric influence in the form of malaria, and the peculiar debility produced by both those diseases, predisposes the human frame to subsequent attacks. So the gloomy shadow of an apparently perverted religious fervor, that ever enveloped the great man, was probably occasioned by his youthful residence in the marshes of Huntingdonshire. The predisposition to ague accompanied Cromwell through life, to the last scene of all. After the battle of Dunbar, he had a severe attack, and the subsequent exposure during an unusually inclement winter, nearly proved fatal. In March of the following year, he thought "he should have died," but recovered till May, when, utterly prostrated, he returned to Edinburgh, where he became so much worse, that his army really believed he was dead. In June, he was so far recovered as to be able to go out in a coach, but relapsed; and another month went over before he was restored to health.

About seven years afterwards, the Protector, worn and harrassed in body and mind, watched by the death-bed of his favorite daughter, Mrs. Claypole. For a fortnight, he scarcely left the chamber, till at last her excruciating sufferings were terminated by death. Intense grief for this amiable woman, probably not unmixed with feelings of remorse, acting on an already enfeebled and predisposed system, brought on a return of the ague—a last attack of the life-long, insidious enemy, so often repulsed, but now to conquer; and in the memorable tempest of 1658, in the turmoil of the conflicting elements, Cromwell died. As Waller, in the inflated style of the period, tells us:

Nature herself took notice of his death,
And, sighing, swelled the sea with such a breath,
That to remotest shores her billows rolled,
The approaching fate of their great ruler told.

It is an interesting fact connected with the last illness of this remarkable man, that prejudice prevented his physicians from administering to him that invaluable medicine, the Jesuits' or Peruvian bark. The drug had been introduced into England about three years before; but, one Underwood, a London alderman, having died after taking it, a strong *Protestant* prejudice arose against its use. Even so late as the great no-Popery processions that took place in London after the discovery of the pretended Meal-Tub Plot, in 1679, a box of Jesuits' bark was carried in mock state, and ignominiously burned with the Pope's effigy. Nor was it till the commencement of the eighteenth century, that, by the strenuous exertions of Sir Hans Sloane, this truly excellent medicine became popular.

The day after Cromwell's death, an Order in Council appointed certain medical men to embalm the body. Dr. Bates, who was the Protector's confidential physician, has left us a full account of the proceedings on this occasion. He tells us that the intestines were taken out, and then the body, being filled with spices, was wrapped in a six-fold serecloth, put into a leaden coffin, and then into a strong wooden one. Yet the corruption burst through all; and the foul smell pervading the whole house, it was necessary to inter the body before the solemnities of the funeral.

This premature interment of the body necessitated the construction of a waxen figure to represent it during the solemnities of the lying-in-state and public funeral. The wax figure having been prepared, it was carried, on the 20th September, by the servants of Cromwell's household, from Whitehall to Somerset House. Still, it was not till the 18th of the following October that all preparations were completed, and the apartments where the wax figure lay in state were opened to the public. A suite of four rooms, hung with black velvet, and decorated with escutcheons of the arms of Cromwell, surmounted by imperial crowns, was devoted to this purpose. In the inner apartment, the waxen figure, dressed in a purple velvet robe, furred with ermine, and adorned with tassels and laces of gold, lay in regal state on a bed of scarlet velvet. In one hand of the figure was placed the globe; in the other the sceptre; while beside it lay a magnificent suit of armor, denoting the warlike character of the deceased. After lying in this manner for upwards of a month, the public funeral took place, with great pomp; the wax figure being drawn in a stately, open chariot, covered with black velvet, to Westminster Abbey, "where, on its arrival at the west gate, the effigy was carried by ten gentlemen to the east end of the Abbey, and there placed on a mausoleum erected for its reception." Once more this waxen figure is dimly seen, through the mists of oblivion, and then it is lost forever. In the *Public Intelligencer*, of June 14, 1660, we are told that "there was exposed to public view, out of one of the windows of Whitehall, now the Jewel Office, the effigy—which was made and shown with so much pomp at Somerset House—in wax, of Oliver Cromwell, with a cord about his neck, which was tied unto one of the bars of the window."

Upon the Restoration, Cromwell's body was ordered to be exhumed, and hung in chains—but whether the body maltreated was really Cromwell's is strongly doubted. A late writer in Chambers's Journal, who has examined the subject, inclines to the belief that he was secretly buried at his native place, and that his remains still lie there undisturbed; the numerous skulls shown of the dead hero being fabulous.

☞ At a recent general *reunion* of French *savans* at the house of M. Leverrier, much interest was occasioned by the famous glass, now nearly finished, to complete which M. Arago obtained from the chamber of representatives 100,000 francs, and by which, said the illustrious astronomer, "We shall be able at last to see the moon, as we see Montmartre from the Boulevard Italien."

NEBRASKA CITY, NEBRASKA.

FEBRUARY, 21, 1856.

Editor of Saturday Evening Post: Sir, Seeing in your paper a request that some one should give you an article descriptive of Nebraska—its agricultural resources, &c., &c., I use the present opportunity of answering to a certain extent that request.

I have now been in this Territory about fifteen months, much of which time has been spent in travelling over different portions of South-Eastern Nebraska, and am somewhat acquainted throughout all that portion of the Territory which is at this time settling. I shall commence at the 40th parallel on the Missouri River, which is the line between Kansas and Nebraska, and ascend along the Missouri, taking up in their turn, the several rivers, creeks, towns and other things of note. Leaving the place where commences the Kansas and Nebraska line, following up the river two miles we come to the mouth of the great *Nemcha*. This word Nemeha meaning, in the language of the Aborigines, *High Water*, not exactly the name which honors the celebrated poem of Mr. Longfellow. Ascending this stream through a most beautiful valley, ten miles above its mouth we come to the junction of its two forks—the North and the South; in this fork the town of Salem lies, a place which was laid off by a Mr. Hine sometime last summer, who has an excellent saw-mill on the North Fork of said stream. The town contains about fifty inhabitants now, has one store, and an excellent country around it, which is rapidly being settled by men who have selected out pleasant and valuable homes on the rich bottoms of these lovely streams.

From Salem, we ascended in last September, the valley of the South Fork which heads in Kansas, but crosses the line some forty miles from the Missouri River.

While ascending this stream, I was often led away by the enchantment of the scenery. The broad and fertile prairie bottoms, and the adjoining hills, all covered with nature's richest carpet, while along the banks of the creek which winds serpent-like from bluff to bluff, are groves and clusters of walnuts, bur-oaks, hickory, hazleberry and numerous other kinds of timber common to a rich and alluvial soil, scattered along this valley at intervals of from one half to five miles; and settlers busily engaged in the pursuits of industry and agriculture. It was here that I saw more watermelons, muskmelons, cucumbers, and all kinds of vegetables, than I had ever seen before.

The farmers here, many of them, have large herds of cattle, which they find are quite easily kept. The range in summer has no parallel, and hay is manufactured in abundance from the prairie grass which makes excellent forage for winter.

The valley of the North Fork is very similar to that of the South—it heads in Nebraska, and is about one hundred miles from its source to its mouth.

Returning to the mouth of the "Great Nemeha," we continued our way up the Missouri River. The first place of any importance is called St. Stephen, a place which, were it on land belonging to the whites, would ere long be a place of importance, from the fact that it has an unsurpassed country around it; though it being on the land owned by the half breed Indians, will of course be a detriment to it. The half breed reserve, or donation, is all that portion of the Territory included between the two Nemehas, and extending back ten miles from the Missouri River; it is an excellent tract of land, being about half timber and half prairie. It is thought that Government will acquire it from the Indians. It really should be done.

Twenty miles from the mouth of the Great Nemeha, the Little Nemeha enters the Missouri River. The valley of this stream is remarkably fertile, and is much thicker settled than that of the former, but there are thousand of acres of the most desirable land yet unclaimed by any one, and open for settlement at the sum of $1,25 per acre. Nemeha City, a small village, occupies a beautiful plateau near the junction.

Six miles above this place we find Brownville, which contains about two hundred inhabitants, and has a first rate steam saw-mill.

Fifteen miles further we are at Askatope, generally known as Bennett's Ferry, a place recently laid off by Messrs. Bennett, Smith and others.

Eight miles above Askatope is the place from which I write, it is situated on the Old Fort Kearney site, is now about eighteen months old, and contains a population of one thousand inhabitants.

This place is one of the most important of the Territory, being the terminus of the Fort Madison, Bloomford and Nebraska City Railroad—a railroad now being built. Wyoming, a place which has attracted some attention, is situated about ten miles above Nebraska City, at the mouth of the Weeping Water. There is a tradition about the origin of the name of the Weeping Water, narrated by the red man of the forest.

It is said that many years ago, in the hills where this stream has its source, two powerful tribes of Indians had a great battle, in which many of both sides fell, and that after the battle was fought, the wives and lovers of the slain came on the field, and were made to weep to such an extent that their tears gave source to the Weeping Water.

This is one of the most delightful streams in Nebraska—the water is clear and pure.

Rawnossbe, ten miles above the mouth of the Weeping Water, is a place rapidly improving; also Rock Bluff, a few miles above this place, is a thriving village. Plattsmouth, at the mouth of the great Platte River, and county seat of Cass County, is being improved. I shall not say a great deal about the Platte River, as its history is known, though there are a few facts with which your readers are not probably acquainted, which are intimately connected with this singular river.

The original name for this river is Ne-prathka, in the Omoha dialect, and Nebraska in the Otoe; both words signifying Broad Water. Ne, meaning water, and prathka or braska, broad, it is after this that the Territory is named.

La Platte, a small village, is a few miles above the junction of the Platte with the Missouri River.

Bellevue is situate on a high level prairie, some ten miles above La Platte; it was the site selected by the Presbyterian Missionary, for a missionary post. It has a beautiful site, a commanding view of all the surrounding country, and some of the best buildings in the Territory. The population is about three hundred.

Omaha City, the capital of the Territory, occupies a second bottom about one half mile from the river; has some good buildings, and a population of six hundred. Omaha is ten miles from Bellevue, and opposite Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Florence, Tekama, Fort Cahoun, Dakota, are small villages along the river.

Fontinelle, on the Elk Horn River, which runs into the Platte, is the largest inland settlement in the Territory.

The Saline, running into the Platte from the south, has some settlements; on the head of this river there are some fine salt springs, which will eventually be valuable.

I believe I have now shown you about where the bulk of the settlements are, I will now speak of the agricultural resources of the Territory, and close my already lengthy letter. The soil is a black alluvial from 2 to 8 feet in depth, and produces corn from 30 to 100 bushels per acre; wheat 20 to 50; potatoes are grown here to the greatest perfection; water and musk-melons, and all kinds of vegetables grow almost spontaneously—all that is necessary to be done is to break the sod, and sow the seed; some of the finest fields of buckwheat that I have ever seen were produced in this way. For richness of sod, good water, and a stock-raising country, Nebraska has no superior.

There are yet homes for many, let them come to Nebraska. Respectfully yours,

J. D. WHITE.

NEWS ITEMS.

The lost telegraph cable, submerged to the extent of forty-four miles between Newfoundland and Breton Island, and then cut off in consequence of a severe storm which perilled the safety of the vessel engaged in the work, was insured in London. But the Insurance Company refuse to pay. They maintain that there was no loss, the cable being at the bottom of the sea, just where the Company designed to put it.

It is announced in diplomatic quarters that England intends to demand reclamation from General Walker's new government for injuries sustained by English subjects in Nicaragua under his military rule. This claim may raise a nice question.

PRESERVING GRAPES.—At a recent meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, A. Pinney, of Clarkson, exhibited Catawba grapes, in a state of most perfect preservation, with all the bloom and apparent freshness seen when growing on the vine. They were preserved simply by hanging up, on the vine, in a cellar of the proper temperature and degree of dryness.

The city of Jeddo, Japan, was destroyed by an earthquake on the 11th of November. *One hundred thousand houses*, it is estimated, were demolished, burying about *thirty thousand* human beings beneath the ruins.

Gen. Walker has seized all the boats belonging to the Transit Company, and, after annulling the charter, has granted a new charter to another Company.

A shock of an earthquake occurred at San Francisco, on the 15th ult., and caused some slight damage. It was felt throughout the State.

To cure a felon, take some flour, and mix it with cream into a paste, and put it on as a poultice; then lance it when ripe.

The Boston Bee says: "Nearly every woman we met in the streets yesterday had on a pair of boots—good, honest, *long-legged* water-proof boots. How much better is this than paper-soled, disease-clinching, ridiculous shoes! We are beginning to think the millenium is approaching."

THE DYKES OF HOLLAND.—The dykes are sometimes forty feet high, and their foundation, which is generally of clay, is from 120 to 150 feet in width. The dyke itself is composed of clay—if not entirely, at least on the outside; and the interior is filled with a mixture of earth, clay and sand. The face of the dyke is thatched.

GROWING BEANS IN VIRGINIA.—A gentleman, writing to the Commissioner of Patents, says:—"The early long-podded Windsor beans started finely, but, just when forming pods, were attacked by the blue potato bug in great numbers, which soon divested them of every leaf, young and tender shoot, and even of life itself, and then disappeared, after attempting to destroy the adjoining vegetation. The French variety were beautiful white beans when planted, but their product was much shrivelled. The growth was vigorous, and few of the bunch beans promised to be so prolific, but just before maturity they became diseased, and died off. The young bean was rather tough."

It is recorded as a *fact* that an engineer on one of the Eastern Railways, on approaching a sixteen-foot draw, with his engine, tender, a baggage car, and two passenger cars, at the rate of forty miles an hour, and discovering, to his horror, when within a quarter of a mile of it, that the draw was open, instantly realized that to break up in time to stop was absolutely impossible, and "opened wide," rushing over the gap at the fearful rate of 80 or 90 miles an hour, with his train, safe and sound!

BACK AGAIN.—The Middleton Whig Press says a party from that vicinity, who sailed in the "Star of the West," for Nicaragua, on the 9th ult., returned home recently, in the same vessel, being entirely satisfied with the appearance and dimensions of the "elephant," and fully disposed to leave "filibustering" to those of more congenial tastes. Though visiting a tropical climate, their enthusiasm, it seems, became considerably cooled down; and their adventure, doubtless, will be of real service to them through the remainder of their lives.

It appears from the Adjutant General's Report, that the military force of Pennsylvania, together with the public arms, are as follows: Number of companies in the State, 382; uniformed men, 16,805; field pieces, 80; muskets, 10,438; bayonets, 9,722.

The Cincinnati Gazette states that during the late slave trials in that city, four hundred persons were sworn in as special or deputy marshals, and that the aggregate sum allowed them for their services amounts to $22,400.

CASSIUS M. CLAY'S FAILURE.—The Cincinnati Gazette has been shown a private letter from Mr. Clay with reference to his failure. He says his creditors have allowed him to go on, and he will be able to pay all his debts, and have a handsome estate left. He did not lose a dollar this season in the pork trade.

"FOR MOTHER'S SAKE."—A father and son were fishing near New York city a few days since. The boat was suddenly capsized, and they were thrown into the water. The father, who was not an expert swimmer, while his son could not swim at all, at once commenced to aid the lad. He, seeing that his father was becoming exhausted, calmly said to him: "Never mind me; save yourself, for mother's sake!" God bless that boy!—and God be thanked that both were rescued from the peril in which they were involved.

Philadelphia pays 40 per cent. of all the taxes raised in the State for the support of the Commonwealth. This is a tolerably large share to bear, but the local taxation is infinitely more onerous. It amounts this year to as much as six-sevenths of the whole revenue of the Commonwealth.

Ship Vanguard has arrived at London with a cargo of rice, from Madagascar, being the first importation of the kind direct from the island.

TURNING THE TABLES.—Amos Holbrook, a teacher of West Brookfield, Mass., had a difficulty in attempting to punish Geo. M. Hathaway, one of his scholars. The boy beat the teacher, was complained of by him for assault and battery, and was fined $5 and costs.

AGRICULTURAL DIVISION OF THE PATENT OFFICE—*Report from Philadelphia.*—Mr. R. Buist, a seed grower, who resides in Philadelphia, received some seed from the Patent Office, which, he says, grew well. Of some Japon seed he says, "In beans there are two new varieties, one of brownish yellow cluster bean, which is very prolific, and which promises to be an acquisition; the other is a large variety of running bean, which, though new, does not bear well, and is not of a good quality for eating. The most decided acquisition is a blood red cabbage lettuce, of excellent quality, which stands the heat of summer well, and gives us heads when no other variety will head. This will be a leading variety amongst that class of vegetables for a warm climate."

The steamship George Law arrived at New York, on Saturday, from Aspinwall, bringing the California mails, and $1,219,053 in gold. Walker is said to be keeping his recruits together with great difficulty, but the penalty of desertion is death. Their pay is said to have been reduced from $100 to $25 a month. His force now consists of some 600 men. The French frigate L'Ambassade had reached Punta Arenas, with strict orders to *put down any filibuster expedition she might fall in with on the high seas.*"

A PROPHECY.—In 1831, the eccentric Lorenzo Dow made a prophecy that in 1855, the greatest flood since the time of Noah, would prevail all over the world.

The Sound Dues Treaty with Denmark expires in the middle of April, but President Pierce has extended its operation for sixty days further, at the urgent solicitation of Denmark.

BEGGARS AND BREAD.—A benevolent lady, residing in a village near Gainsborough, under the conviction that every beggar *may* be in want, has been in the habit of giving every one who called a piece of bread. Her husband, finding the number of visitors becoming excessive, resolved to make them "earn their bread" before they ate it, and set every man to pump a certain quantity of water into the trough in the crewyard. Since this requirement was put in force the number of callers has materially diminished.

GOODS PASSING THROUGH LIVERPOOL.—The annual value of goods passing through Liverpool now amounts to £100,000,000.

THE VICTORIA TOWER.—The Victoria Tower of the New Houses of Parliament has now reached an elevation of 257 feet, with a stupendous parapet 12 feet high. The weight of material in the tower, and above the surface of the rooms, exceeds 33,000 tons, of which 290 tons are iron. The average thickness of the walls is 6 feet 6 inches, and the height of the great arch 25 feet 6 inches. From this to the summit is a fine iron spiral staircase.

LONDON GUINEA MEN.—London, it seems, numbers among its millions of inhabitants a swarm of "guinea men"—men who get themselves appointed on boards of directors for the sake of the guinea fee received at board meetings. In a recent trial in the Court of Queen's Bench some one was named as an "East India merchant." "Oh, no," said a witness; "he is only a guinea man."

J. A. Reynolds has patented improved machinery for discharging volleys of shot. This invention consists mainly of a hollow cylinder, the periphery of which is pierced with rows of holes, into which are fitted breach chambers. To the inner end of each of the chambers a nipple is fitted for receiving a percussion cap or other primer, and the chambers are brought successively in a line with a row of barrels.

A LONG RIDE ON THE ICE.—A gentleman, formerly a resident of Philadelphia, but now of the Far West, travelled with a horse and sleigh, 300 miles on the ice in the Mississippi River, while on his way to this city. A feat unprecedented in the annals of sleigh riding.

POLITICAL NEWS.

NATIONAL CONVENTIONS.—The Democratic meets at Cincinnati, June 2nd; the American Bolters, at New York, June 12th, and the Republican, at Philadelphia, June 17th.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The United Americans and Republicans have a majority in both branches of the Legislature. The returns from 219 towns give Metcalfe, for Governor, 30,980; Wells, Dem., 31,490; Goodwin, 2,387; scattering, 140. Ten towns remain to be heard from, which will not materially vary the result. The Democratic Hards, led by Edmund Burke, returned this election to the party from which they had seceded. No candidate having a majority of the whole vote, the Legislature will elect the Governor.

KANSAS.—The Free State Legislature met and organized at Topeka on the 4th inst. Governor Robinson's Message is mostly devoted to a review of Kansas history. He says it is understood that the Deputy Marshal has been privately instructed to arrest the members of the Legislature and State officers for treason; but if so, no resistance must be offered, not a finger raised against the federal authority till there is no hope but revolution. He calls for a military organization to guard against the scalping knife on the West, and the revolver on the East. The Legislature had adjourned to Lawrence. Gov. Shannon had gone there to ascertain what was being done. Violence was apprehended.

There was some little excitement at the border. One hundred Sharp's rifles and two cannon had been intercepted at Lexington, and held by the citizens, subject to Governor Shannon's orders. The arms had no locks, the locks being sent by another route, had previously reached Lawrence.

FLOUR AND BREAD.—Mr. T. Royal, of Bridgeton, Indiana, in an article in the Scientific American, says a hundred pounds of winter wheat flour will make more and better bread than the same quantity made from spring wheat. He contends, also, that millstones exceeding three feet in diameter injure the quality of the flour—that 100 pounds winter wheat flour, ground on small stones, will make 170 pounds "bakers'," or 140 of "home made" bread; while the same quantity of spring wheat flour, from large stones, (although a baker might pronounce it "superfine, A No. 1,") will make but its own weight of "home-made" bread.

He alleges that the brick oven is much superior to other modes of baking; that a pound of dough will make but a pound loaf, if baked in a pan—and that it will contain but little nutriment; if baked on the bricks, the loaf will be two or three ounces lighter, but sixty per cent. more nutritious. While in the army he was allowed a pound of bread a day; when the loaf was baked in a pan he would eat it all for breakfast; when it came from the bricks it would do for two, and sometimes nearly three meals.

Flour stored in a room with salted provisions, in warm weather, will sometimes become sour in a few weeks—but will become good again if removed and stored awhile in a dry building.

Flour, dry and not musty, is tested by a baker, by squeezing a handful tightly; if it retains its shape when dropped, it is good—if it crumbles, it will make but little bread, and that of poor quality, and the baker will not buy it.

We give the substance of Mr. Royal's article, which does not, however, give any reasons for the assertions he makes. Housekeepers must therefore test their correctness for themselves.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, March 17th, 1856.

Business opens slowly, and the operations in most of the leading articles have been to a moderate extent for the season, the Asiatic cholera has had a favorable effect on the markets for Cotton and Breadstuffs, and the prices of both have ruled in favor of the buyers, without much doing at the decline. Coal is firmly held, but the cold weather has interfered with the shipping demand. Iron continues buoyant and firm, with further sales to go West, at improved rates. Groceries remain quiet, but firm, at previous quotations. Provisions view no much doing, for the want of stock, and Grain rule about stationary. Hides, Oils, and Leather—No change; the latter are wanted at full prices. Gas—But little selling; Linseed Oil is in better demand, and holders are asking an advance; Red Oil is scarce, with sales to arrive. Naval Stores—Not much doing, and Spirits Turpentine rather lower. Plaster is wanted. Rice is more inquired for. Seeds in fair demand, without change in quotations. Tobacco remains quiet, but firm, with sales of Leaf to open trade to. Whiskey is without alteration, but the demand is more active. Wool is wanted at full prices, and the tendency of the market is upward. In other articles there are no important changes to note since the close of last week. The following are some of the principal articles exported from this port from the 1st to the 14th inst.:

	1856.	1855.	1854.	1853.
Bbls. of Flour,	2,437,000	1,647,000	1,905,000	2,342,000
" Corn Meal,	222,000	247,000	275,000	294,000
" Beef,	220,000	140,000	101,000	113,000
" Pork,	248,000	151,000	142,000	177,000
Total exports,	1,887,000	1,134,000	972,000	1,276,000
Stock on hand,	550,000	377,000	377,000	429,000

Of which, during the past week, included in the above

Bbls. of the Ports,	12,000	22,000	20,000	112,000
Exports to Brazil,	30,000	53,000	62,000	330,000
" French,	4,000	27,000	8,000	11,000
" other for. ports,	27,000	14,000	20,000	5,000
Total exports,	69,000	94,000	90,000	56,000

DRUGS AND DYES—Among the transactions, which have been very moderate, are some further sales of 151 casks Sal Soda and Soda Ash, on terms not public. 35 casks Indigo at $1,25 for Bengal, and 75c for Manilla; and 10 casks Cream Tartar at 31c, all on the usual terms.

DRY GOODS—Business with both the Commission and Jobbing houses has been unusually active during the past week, particularly with the latter, who are selling largely to the South and West. All assortable styles are in good demand at full prices, and some descriptions of Cottons are scarce at the moment; supplies, however, are arriving daily, and the stocks generally are full and complete.

FEATHERS—Are scarce, and a small business done; in the way of sales at 48@52c per lb as to quality, including 1,000 lbs sold at 51c.

FISH—The demand for Mackerel is rather more active, but without new variation in quotations, no sources of importance are open to the public. Store prices range at $22@23 for large; $2,25@3,00 for small 2s; $5,5 @6,00 for 3s, small, and $8,50@9,00 per bbl for large, 6s. Herring and Codfish are scarce, with sales at previous quotations.

FRUIT—The fruiting demand is quite active, but there is little or nothing doing in foreign, for the want of stock, and no chances to note. Domestic is rather scarce. Dried Apples sell freely at 4@5c; Peaches 5@6c for unpared, and 10@12c for pared; as to quality.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The late foreign news has depressed and unsettled the market for Flour, and, with a limited demand, prices are 25c per bbl lower, the week's sales for shipment only reaching some 4,500 bbls at $7,50@7,75 for common, mixed, and good straight brands, and $7,75@8,00 for extra, including 1,000 bbls of the latter description, a fancy brand, at a price not public; 1,200 bbls at $8,50, and 1,000 bbls standard superfine, deliverable next month, at $7; the market closing dull at our lowest figures. For home use the demand has also been limited to the wants of the trade, at $7@8 for common and good retailing brands, and $7,50@8,50 per bbl for extra, as to quality, and $8,50@9,50 for fancy brands. Rye Flour is scarce and brings very full prices. Corn Meal has been more inquired for, and about 2,500 bbls Pennsylvania Meal found buyers in lots at $3 per bbl. Rye Flour is also steady with further sales of 30,000 bbls at $5,00 per bbl. The following are the inspections for the week ending this morning:—2,226 bbls Flour, 1,540 bbls Corn Meal, and 220 bbls Rye Flour.

GRAIN—There is very little Wheat offering or selling, the demand is limited, but prices, owing to scarcity, are rather better; some 18,000 bushels have been disposed of at 160@175c for inferior to prime reds, and 175@185c for white, as in quality, the latter for good lots. Rye is also in better demand, and about 3,000 bushels Delaware sold at 90c per bushel. Of Corn there are also small at 81c per bbl for old yellow, and 80c for new. Oats are in small supply, and sales are making as wanted at 44@45c for Southern, and 46@47c for State. Barley is in small supply, and sales are reported at 85@90c for Canada, and 95c for Malt. Of Beans 300 casks have been sold, mostly to arrive, at 70c for Shinders, 80c for Sidos, and 90c for Hams, on the usual terms. Lard is quiet, and in small lots, part to arrive, at 10½@11c, and sold at public sale this morning, and 12c for kegs, the latter for prime Jersey, cash and short time. Butter is steady, with moderate receipts, and sales of roll at 18@20c, as to quality. Solid is scarce, with small sales. Cheese moves off slowly at 9@10c per lb.

RICE—Is in fair request, and about 150 casks have been taken at 4@5c, including a sale of 100 casks prime, by auction at the latter rate.

SALT—Is about stationary, an import of 8,000 sacks Liverpool ground, just arrived, was sold previously on terms not public.

SEEDS—The market for Clover seed has been more active, and sales and re-sales to the extent of 2,500 bu are reported at $new $4, mostly at $4,25 per bu, including some late from west of Susq at $4,50 per bu, and 100 bags at $4,62½ per bu, quite to-day at $4,75 for good lots. Timothy remains inactive, with small receipts, and sales at $1,90@2,12½ per bus, as to quality. Flaxseed is scarce and in fair demand at 225@230c per bus for American.

SUGARS—The want of stock has limited the week's operations to about 300 hhds Cuba and New Orleans, mostly within the range of last rates in quality, on the usual terms. Holders are firm in their demands.

SUMAC—750 bags Sicily sold at $70@75, and 200 bags coarse ground do at about $55, all on the usual terms.

SPICES—All kinds are bringing full rates. A sale of Nutmegs was made at 90c, on the usual terms.

STEAM ENGINES—Foreign specimens are quiet. Best Sets, with a small business to notice in Brandt's and Gin at full prices. N. E. Rum is scarce at 30@31c. Whiskey continues about stationary, with rather more selling; we quote bbls at 28@29c and hhds at 26@27c.

TALLOW—Is moving off to a small way at 10@11c per lb for city rendered.

TEAS—There is more activity in the market, and prices are well maintained.

TOBACCO—The market is full of leaf, and no sales have been made public. Of manufactured, the sales are moderate, principally to the trade, at 10@12 cents Connecticut seed leaf and by auction at from 7 to 15c, 4 mos.

WINES—Transactions are only in a small way at full prices.

WOOL—The demand continues good but the firmness of holders limits operations. Sales, however, to a fair extent have been made during the past week reaching about 200,000 lbs at rather better prices; the tendency is still upward. Among the sales are a small lot of common unwashed at 37½c, cash and time, 19,000 lbs fleece at 39c and 45,000 lbs fine fleece at 39c, 4@6 months.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

ASHES—The market is firmer for Pots; the demand is fair. Sales of 37 bbls at $5,07½, and Pearls in lots at $7,37½.

FLOUR, &c.—There is increased business in the low grades of State Flour, and the demand is moderate, mainly for the Eastern and home trade. Shippers are buying sparingly. The better grades are steady and in fair request; the sales of Western Canal are 4,700 bbls at $8,05@8,15 for common to very good State and Michigan; $7,12½@7,37½ for superfine Indiana and Upper Lake; $7,25@7,50 for common to good superfine and low grades of extra Ohio; and $7,62½@7,75 for extra Genesee. Canadian Flour is quiet and unchanged; the consumptive demand is fair; sales of 250 bbls at $7,25@7,25 for common to good brands.

Southern Flour is heavy and rather easier; the inquiry is fair for the trade, but limited for export. Sales of 1,000 bbls at $7,25 for mixed to good standard brands Alexandria, Baltimore, "City Mills," "Howard Street, and $8,12½@8 for favorite, fancy and extra brands. Rye Flour is quiet at $6@6,50 for fine and superfine. Corn Meal is quiet at $3,31½ for Jersey, $4,15 for Brandywine, and $4@ for puncheons. Buckwheat Flour is nearly at $1,31½@1,25 per 100 lbs.

GRAIN—The Wheat market is without important variation, the sales are 700 bushels prime red Southern, 1,400 bushels good white at $1,36, and 1,200 bushels common white Canadian at $1,35. Rye is quiet at $1,01@1,17, with sales of Northern at 1,07@1,08. Barley is in small request, prices nominal. Barley Malt is dull and heavy at 2@3c for Southern, 3@4c for Jersey, 5@6c for State, and 6@7c for Western. Corn is in steady request, the demand is not very active, mainly for the home trade; sales of 31,000 bushels at 85@87c for Southern mixed; 88@90c for do white; 89@90c for do yellow, and 91@92c for Western mixed in store and delivered.

WHISKEY—The market is firm, with light arrivals and a fair inquiry. Sales of 120 bbls at 28½ for Jersey; 28½@29 for Ohio, and 29@29½ for Prime.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market is firmer, with less inclination to sell; the demand, however, is not very active. Sales of 300 bbls at $15,75 for Mess, and $14,50@15 for Prime; the latter scarce. Beef is steady, with moderate inquiry; sales of 200 bbls Repacked Western Mess at $9,25@9,50, and 100 bbls Prime Mess at $7,50@7,75. Beef Hams are steady at $18@18,50. Bacon sells at 7½@8c for Western Cut Meats are steady and in fair request. Sales of 140 casks and tcs at 7½c for Shoulders, and 10½c for Hams. Dressed Hogs scarce and firm at 6½@7c for Western and City. Lard is steady and in limited demand. Sales of 250 bbls and tierces at 10½@10¾.

COFFEE—There is an absence of activity. The stock of Rio is 37,000 bags; sales of 500 bags Rio at 11¼@12.

SUGARS—Refiners are picking up lots suited to their purposes considerable at the recent decline. One refinery has taken 500 hhds Triple Muscovado at about 9c, and 300 hhds Cuba Muscovado at 9¼@9¾, and 300 hhds Cuba Muscovado at 9¾@9¾, and 300 hhds Texas on private terms. The feeling was rather firmer at the close.

MARCH 17.—Flour is drooping; sales of 4,500 bbls at $7,87 for Ohio. Wheat is languid; 3,500 bushels sold. Corn firm, with sales of 19,000 bushels at 87@88c for Prime Yellow; 87½@88c for Western mixed; 87@87½c for Southern white. Rye dull; 1,500 bbls sold. Whiskey firm; 140 bbls sold.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

AT ALLERTON'S.—The number of Beef Cattle on sale last week was much lighter than for several months, the ostensible reason of the short supply being the impediments to railway transportation, in the shape of snow and ice, but in reality it is strongly suspected that the severe alarums are the result of a collusion between the drovers and brokers to keep back stock, and thereby force the butchers to respond to their exorbitant demands. Whether the latter hypothesis be true or not, certain it is that a substantial advance was established on all grades, of from 2@3c per lb. The range of prices was from 9½c to extra was 12½c, and the average about a fair average.

The total supply for the week was only 965 head, of which 744 were of Thursday's offerings. Many of the regular customers of this, the "Upper Bull's Head," were compelled to self-defence to save themselves some of the lower markets, but with no better success than to supply three droves head each, and 20 cows, no unusually early supply. Cows and Calves sold about the same as last week with but a limited demand. Veal Calves have slightly advanced, prices ranging from 7½ to 8½c lb. light weight.

PRICES.—Beef Cattle, extra quality per 100 lbs, $ 9@11; fair to good quality $10,50@12,50; do common $8@9,50; Veal Cows $80@95. Cows and Calves, extra $70@80; fair to good $45@55; do common $25@35. Veals 6½@7½c; extra 8c. Sheep and Lambs $2@7; do extra $10@11.

The following table shows from what part of the country and by what conveyance the supplies came:

Beef Cattle.	Head.
From Ohio, on cars	198
Pennsylvania	37
New York State	262
Virginia	80
Maryland	6
By the Harlem Railroad, Cattle	182
Do Cows and Calves	27
Do Veal Calves	242
Do Sheep and Lambs	1024
By the Hudson River Railroad, Beeves	250
Erie Railroad, Beeves	108
Camden and Amboy	125
On foot—Cattle	135

AT BROWNING'S.—146 Beef Cattle $10@11; 50 Cows and Calves $33@39; 28 Veal Calves $[illegible]; 231 Sheep and Lambs $2@7.

AT CHAMBERLAIN'S.—118 Beef Cattle $10@12, 35 Cows and Calves $39, 50@65; 41 Veal Calves (live weight) $[illegible]; 1,131 Sheep and Lambs Sale.

AT O'BRIEN'S.—128 Beeves $[illegible]; 134 Cows and Calves @25@50; 134 Veal Calves $6@8.

RECAPITULATION

	Beeves.	Cows and Calves.	Veal Calves.	Sheep and Lambs.
Allerton's	965	27	252	685
Browning's	146	58	36	732
Chamberlain's	116	35	41	1,131
O'Brien's	126	134	134	
Total	1,353	252	463	2,548

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

MARCH 17.—The offerings of the week consist of 1,200 head of Beef Cattle, 250 Cows and Calves, 7,000 Hogs, and 2,500 Sheep and Lambs.

Prices—Beeves with an active demand, and all were disposed of from $[illegible] to 11,50 the 100 lbs, as in quality. One drove of prime cattle sold to go to New York.

The cows and calves were sold at from $25 to 60, according to condition.

Hogs were quick sale at $6,50@7 the 100 lbs—the latter for Penna.

Sheep and Lambs were active at from $3,50 to $5,50 each, as to fatness.

Hay in steady demand, with a moderate supply in the market at from $1,10 to $1,25 the 100 lbs.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

Weekly receipt of Cattle, Sheep and Swine, carefully prepared for the current week:—

At market 1,000 Beeves, no stores, 5 pairs Working Oxen, 45 Cows and Calves, 300 Sheep and Lambs, and 25 Swine.

Prices—Market Beef—Extra, $8½ first quality, $8,75; second do. $8; third do; $7,50; ordinary, $6@6,50.

Hides—7c per lb. (None but slaughter at this market.)

Calf Skins—12c per lb.

Tallow—Sales at 6½c.

Pelts—$1,37½@2. Pulled Wool, fair quality, 45c per lb.

Working Oxen—no sales noticed.

Cows and Calves—$32, 35, 40, 45@50.

Sheep and Lambs—Extra, $6, 6½; by lot, $3½, 4, 5@6.

Swine—by retail 6½@7c; by lot, Hogs, 6½c.

REMARKS—There is an advance on extra Beef of about 25c per 100 lbs; other qualities about the same. The cold weather and the difficulty of transportation render the market more unsettled than it otherwise would be were the railroads free from snow. There have been but few Swine at market for some weeks past.

N. B.—Beeves—These are sold by the head, at prices equal to the gain per lb of the estimated weight of Beef in the quarter, together with the fifth quarter, or the hide and tallow at the same price.

Market Beef—Extra are the largest fat oxen, and are highly still fed. First quality comprises large oxen still fed at least three months. Second quality includes grass and hay fed oxen, well fatted cows and the best three year old steers. Third quality includes poor fat cattle and inferior steers.

Barrelling Cattle are large old oxen, not very fleshy. Stores consist of working oxen, cows and calves, and one, two, and three years old.

Milch Cows—The prices of these depend altogether upon the fancy of the purchaser.

Sheep and Lambs—Extra consists of choice bucks and fancy ewes for stock.

BALTIMORE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market last Saturday was dull, and very quiet. Not much disposition to purchase, except at reduced figures. Shippers are holding off. We are not aware of any sales on large lots to-day. Howard street, City Mills and Canal were selling $7, and buyers offering $6,87½. Nothing done since "Change. Holders pretty firm at $7. Family and Extra Flour—We quote Patapsco Family by the quantity at $8,25, extra do $8,50. Sales of Howard street and Ohio Family at $8@8,50; extra do $7,12½ per bbl. Rye Flour—The market quiet. Sales of Maryland at $5,50. Small sales are making at $6,75@7 per bbl. Corn Meal—Market dull. We quote Penna. at $3,75@3,87½ per bbl. Corn—Market very active, and prices partially 2c higher. Sales of 30,000 bushels at 90@92c for white, and 92@93c for yellow. Wheat—There is a fair demand, and prices are firmer. Sales of 5,000 bushels at 160@165c for red, and 170@175c for white. Rye—Market dull. Sales of 1,000 bushels at 90c. Oats—There were 1,000 bus offered, and sales of 800 bushels at 50@52c for Maryland and 48@49c for Penna. Provisions—Market dull. We quote Mess Pork at $16,50@17 per bbl. Bacon—Hams are selling at 9@9½c; Shoulders, 7½@8c; Sides, 8½@9c. Lard—Market dull. Sales of 50 bbls at 10½c. Whiskey—The stock on hand is much reduced, and we note a steady demand with prices upwards. Sales of 200 bbls city and Penna. at 28½@29c, and Ohio 30c per gallon.

MARCH 17.—Flour is dull at $7. Wheat is firm, with receipts of 18,000 bushels. Corn firm, with sales of White and Yellow at 85 to 90c.

BALTIMORE CATTLE MARKET.

There was a good supply of Beef Cattle at the market last Saturday, some 750 head being offered at the scales. The demand was brisk, but prices are without change. Of the Cattle offered, 400 were driven to Philadelphia, and 100 Washington. 300 were left over unsold, and the balance, (300 head) were sold to Baltimore butchers at prices ranging from $2,50 to $5,50 on the hoof, equal to $7@10,50 net, and average $4,25 gross. The larger part of the Cattle at market were of good quality. We understand that some 400 to 500 head of Cattle passed through town on their way to Philadelphia which were not offered at the scales.

Sheep were in full supply, and the market was somewhat firmer. The sales at the scales were made at $3@5,75 per 100 lbs.

SHEEP.—We quote Sheep this week at 6@6c per 100 lbs gross. Sales were made at these figures at the scales.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL,
No. 77 Dock Street.

MEATS.			
Beef—Hind qrs	lb	7	a 9
Fore qrs	lb	6	a 7
Sirloin Steaks	lb	14	a 18
Rump	do lb	14	a 16
Roast pieces, each		14	a 20
Corned Beef	do	6	a 12
Smoked	do	10	a 12
Beef Tongues	do	62	a 75
Mutton cas	lb	5	a 7
Do fore qr	lb	5	a 5
Do hind qr	lb	10	a —
Do Chops	lb	10	a 12
Veal hind qr	lb	12	a 14
Do Collets	lb	12	a 14
Veal Cutlets	lb	25	a 30
Beef Steaks	lb	20	a 25
Venison	lb	20	a 25
PORK.			
Carcass	lb	5	a 8
At retail	lb	12	a 12
Hams smoked	lb	12	a 15
Should do	lb	10	a 12
Sides do	lb	11	a 12
Pickled Pork	lb	12½	a —
Sausages	lb	12	a 15
Head Cheese	lb	12½	a —
POULTRY.			
Turkeys	lb	15	a 20
Fowls	lb	14	a 16
Ducks	pair	62	a 100
Squabs	do	1 50	a 1 75
Prairie Hens	pair	1 00	a 1 25
Capons	lb	20	a —
Guinea Hens	pr	1 00	a —
HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS.			
Eggs	doz	19	a 20
Rolled fresh	do	22	a 22
Pound Butter	lb	25	a 31
Roll Butter	lb	25	a 31
Fine Cheese	lb

TO EXPEL RATS.—The Farm Journal gives the following account of how a gentleman of Boston contrived to expel rats:

"Raising a small board in the garret floor, our friend opened a communication between the floor and ceiling beneath, which interior communicated with the spaces between the side walls and the laths and plaster over the whole house. Into this opening he placed a dish containing finely pulverized black oxyd of manganese, and poured over it a suitable quantity of strong hydrochloric (muriatic) acid. The floor board was then replaced. The effect of the chemical mixture of black oxyd of manganese and hydrochloric acid is to disengage in the cold that most powerful, deodorizing, fumigating gas, chlorine. In common with all gases, it gradually diffuses itself through the air, but having a greater weight than atmospheric air, it accumulates at the lowest levels. The tendency of the gas liberated, therefore, was to penetrate every vacant space between the walls and ceiling, and at last found exit in the cellar. It may be here stated that the quantity of gas so liberated can exert no injurious effect upon the house or its inmates; indeed, the result is rather beneficial than otherwise upon the general health. The chemical arrangements described had not been long in operation when it became evident that something unusual was occurring in ratdom. 'All night long, it would seem,' said the narrator, 'as if Bedlam had broken loose between the partitions of my house.' Towards morning all had become quiet—the rats had vamosed, big and little, and for a period of nearly three months not one was heard or seen on the premises."

A DEBT OF A HUSBAND.—A married man in Paris had inherited during the past year from his uncle £8,000. He began to speculate on the course, where he was surprisingly fortunate. He did not say a word about his good luck to his wife. New Year's Day came, and he said to her, 'My dear, here's a ticket for the opera, which I give you as your New Year's Gift." His modest spouse accepted it with gratitude. Off they went to the opera. When the performance was over, and they descended to the vestibule, a livery servant appeared, and threw over the lady's shoulders a splendid opera-cloak lined with crimson. The lady, amazed, looked first at the cloak and then at the servant, who, bowing respectfully, told her that her carriage was at the door. In a state of stupefaction she entered mechanically a very handsome new carriage, bearing, as she did so, the footman tell the coachman to drive home; that this home was not the one she had left a few hours before. An elegant little suite of apartments, richly and tastefully furnished, now met her bewildered gaze; and her husband, offering the key, said, "My dear, I have now presented you with the New Year's Gift I really intended for you." At supper the mystery was cleared up by a full confession from him of the source of his good fortune.—*Letter from Paris.*

MR. MACAULAY AND HIS CRITICISERS.—We are not at to enter another Macaulay controversy. Mr. Hepworth Dixon announces for next week "Answer to Mr. Macaulay's charges against Penn." Mr. Macaulay—so rumor has it—is employed upon a rejoinder to his various critics—particularly to the Times and the Athenæum. Penn, Dryden and Marlborough, are the chief men whose reputations have been assailed by the historian; and his judgments on these personages and in the highest need of explanation and defence. Mr. Dixon, we understand, replies upon the entire case against Penn—Mr. Macaulay's accusations standing in the latest editions as they stood in the first. We shall be glad to see what Mr. Macaulay can urge in defence of the Taunton charge—of his assertion that Marlborough's letter caused the failure at Brest—that Dryden changed his religion for money—that Jeffreys is buried in the Tower, and Schomberg in Westminster—the two latter, blunders which the Times exposes against him. Literary controversy is always pleasant; and when conducted with courtesy, and with an earnest desire for the truth, as this controversy most assuredly will be, it is serviceable to history, as well as pleasant to readers.—*Athenæum.*

POLITICAL ARRANGEMENTS.—The Paris correspondent of Le Nord says, that the following contains belief in diplomatic circles in that city:—Baron de Seebach informed Count Nesselrode that if the negociations failed to establish peace, the plan of campaign for this year would consist in making Austria and Prussia cede Gallicia and the Duchy of Posen, in order to reconstitute the Kingdom of Poland; an Austrian archduke would become independent sovereign of Poland, and a mixed force would operate in Finland. The English would engage to take Cronstadt. The Principalities would be ceded to Austria, with the frontiers pushed in Bessarabia as far as the line of mountains fixed in the first of the four propositions. Finally, the Prussian ports would be strictly blockaded."

TURKEY.—The origin of the word "turkey," applied to the well known bird, the native of American forests, was recently given by the Hon. Thomas Ewing, in his lecture. Incidentally, in speaking of the former commercial power of Turkey, and of the fact that the greater portion of the finer and more elegant articles came from Turkey, and were designated by its name to distinguish them from the ordinary productions of other countries, and to indicate their superiority, also, "even the noble American bird," he said, "whom first taken to England, was called 'Turkey,' as it was the best common term to express its beauty, and noble proportion."

MODERN INVENTIONS.

I know of no invention of modern times that deserves or is destined to occupy a higher niche in the temple of fame, than the discovery or invention of the invaluable Epileptic Pills for curing Epilepsy, or Falling Sickness, Cramps, and all the various modifications of nervous Disease. *Dr. Seth S. Hance*, of 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md., the inventor, is certainly entitled to the best wishes of all the benevolent portion of mankind, who experience a pleasure by the alleviation of human suffering. When Dr. Hance first prepared these Pills, he intended them solely for Fits, Cramps and Spasms; but subsequent experience satisfactorily proved to him, that in addition to their remarkable curative properties in this class of diseases, they exerted a perfect control over the entire nervous system. He was then induced to use them in cases of Neuralgia, Tic Doloreux, Nervous Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, Incipient Paralysis, Hysteria, Muscular Debility, and a host of minor diseases, springing from a lack of nervous energy, in all of which his anticipation were crowned with the most sanguine success. Persons at a distance, by writing and enclosing a remittance to Dr. Hance, can have the medicine forwarded by mail to their post office address, he paying the postage. The prices are for a single box, $2; two boxes, $3; or $24 per dozen. We have given his address above.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A RETIRED CLERGYMAN, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send the prescription used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. HALL, No. 39 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York. 3-2t

ANY WHO SUFFER from *Headache and Nervous Debility*, are ignorant that the real cause, in most cases, is a deranged state of the stomach and digestive organs. The Oxygenated Bitters are peculiarly adapted to the cure of these symptoms.

ANY SUFFER WITH SCROFULA when a remedy at hand? Read the following letter:

DEVINE, WIS., February 18, 1856.

D. JAYNE—Dear Sir:

After five months' confinement to my bed with fever, my left foot and leg commenced swelling, which continued to increase, accompanied by the most fearful pain, until the cords of my leg became affected to such an extent, that I could not straighten it. SORE soon made its appearance on the inside of the leg between the ankle and knee which rapidly increased in size notwithstanding all my efforts to cure it. For months I lingered in this fearful situation, *using means in my power to obtain relief* but without effect, in fact most remedies made it worse. TO HAVE THE LEG TAKEN OFF appeared to be my only chance for life, but to this I would not consent, as death to me was preferable to such a loss. Despairing of ever being cured, I fortunately noticed in your Medical Almanac certificates of persons who had been cured of various diseases by your "Alterative," and without much faith commenced its use, eight bottles of this medicine, one of your "Liniment" and "Sanative Pills," which so far restored me as to enable me to WALK AS WELL AS EVER, and to free my leg from *all soreness*. Fearing that there might be some remains of disease still in my system, I have purchased a further supply of 12 bottles of your Alterative with Sanative Pills, feeling confident that by their use I shall be in perfect health. I know not how to express my gratitude, but beg you to accept the thanks of a truly grateful heart. Yours respectfully,

HENRY WILLIAMS.

Jayne's remedies are prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the country. mh15-3t

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York.

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Subscriptions will be received at either of the above-mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or sent to their address, properly inclosed, by mail.

DISEASES OF THE LUNGS—NOTICE.

DR. ROBERT HUNTER, of New York, would announce that he has opened a branch establishment in Philadelphia, under the professional charge of Dr. F. MORSON, for the special treatment of diseases of the throat and lungs.

Dr. MORSON is a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and has enjoyed, both in that city and New York, long and great experience in the treatment of pulmonary affections.

Dr. HUNTER would also state, for the information of his patients residing in Baltimore and Washington, that Dr. JOHN BLISARD WILLIAMS will hereafter be associated with the Baltimore office.

These arrangements have been rendered necessary by the growth of the practice in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and by the retirement of Dr. JAMES HUNTER in consequence of ill health. Patients in these cities will in future enjoy not only all the advantage of Dr. HUNTER'S advice, but the additional benefit of the personal care and supervision of skillful and accomplished resident physicians.

The method of treatment introduced and practised by Dr. Hunter in Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Chronic Inflammation of the Lungs consists in the administration of medicines by INHALATION. The medicines adapted to the case are reduced to vapor and breathed or inhaled into the lungs, thus bringing them into immediate contact with the diseased air passages. The vaporization and inhaling are effected by an "inhaler" prepared for the purpose, and also by burning Pastils and chemical reunion in which latter case the air of the patient's room is impregnated with medicated vapors and inhaled in natural respiration.

This application of medicines to the very seat of the disease is not only a rational, scientific, and successful method of treatment, but the only one to which the consumptive invalid can look for recovery.

In chronic affections of the Lungs there is no difficulty attending the treatment of cases by correspondence; and for the convenience of those wishing to avail themselves of this treatment, a list of questions is prepared which will be forwarded on request. If these are carefully answered there will be no difficulty in prescribing for the case; and the medicines and inhaling instrument may be sent by express.

The empiricisms practised under the name of inhalation, have induced Dr. Hunter to establish, for the better explanation of his views and practice, a medical periodical, entitled the "Specialist and Journal of Diseases of the Chest," in which will be found a full description of the nature, causes, prevention and cure of all affections of the Throat and Lungs. It is published by Sherman & Co., Astor House (1 Vesey St.) New York.

The list of questions alluded to, together with a specimen number of the Specialist, will be sent on application to either of the following addresses:

NEW YORK—DR. ROBERT HUNTER, No. 628 Broadway.
PHILADELPHIA—DR. F. MORSON, No. 302 Walnut Street.
BALTIMORE—DR. J. B. WILLIAMS, No. 32 North Charles Street. 1t

THE EARTHQUAKE AT JEDDO.—The earthquake at Jeddo, in Japan, is said to have shaken down 100,000 houses. This general shake was appalling, but it sinks into insignificance when compared to the quaking among inferior establishments at the sight of the elegant garments got up so cheap at the fashionable store of Rockhill & Wilson, 111 Chestnut Street, corner of Franklin Place.

A NEW PEN AND PENCIL CASE invented by our old fellow-townsman, Jacob J. Lownds, has lately been issued by WILMARTH CLUSSMAN & Co., 44 Maiden Lane, New York, which for elegance, simplicity and convenience, is destined to supplant all other kinds made in gold and silver, and for sale by all the principal jewelers in this city. mh1-r3wtf

SHAVING MADE EASY.—Wet your shaving-brush in either warm or cold water, pour on two or three drops of "Balm of a Thousand Flowers," rub the beard well and it will make a beautiful soft lather, much facilitating the operation of shaving. Price only Fifty Cents. PETRIDGE & Co., Proprietors, New York

For sale at T. B. PETERSON'S, 102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and all Druggists. feb9-etwtu

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. EVAN HAINS, to Miss SARAH A. DUPERRONZAIRE, both of this city.

On the 10th inst. by the same, Mr. GEORGE VANEKEN, of Iowa, to Miss MARGARET ENGLISH, of New Jersey.

In Manayunk, on the 26th of Feb. by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. JOSEPH W. RHOADS, to Miss ANNA E. THOMAS, both of Manayunk.

On the 2d of Dec. by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. JOHN MARTIN, to Miss REBECCA DOLL, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. H. Colclazer, Mr. JACOB LINCOLN, to Miss MARY E. HORNE, both of Darby, Delaware county.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Turner, BENJAMIN MCDANIEL, of Wilmington, Del. to MARGARET L. DOUGHERTY, of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. M. G. Clarke, Mr. THEODORE P. REES, to Miss MARIA L. ASHMORE, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. ALBERT MATLOCK, of Bradford county, to Miss ELIZA FUDGE, of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. LEWIS H. BEALE, to Miss ANNA M. GORE, both of Kingsessing.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Alex. Macklin, D. D., Mr. JOSEPH RIDGLE, of Lycoming county, Pa. to Miss JANE MCARRONEY, of this city.

On the 17th of Dec. by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. ROSWELL KOCHERSPERGER, to Miss EMMA C. SHAW, all of this city.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. T. W. J. Wylie, ROBERT CRAIG, to Miss SARAH A. MCCANDLESS, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the same, HENRY JACOBS, of Chester county, to Miss MARY L. HARE, of Delaware county.

On the 6th inst. by Ald. C. Brazer, Mr. LEWIS MILLER, to Miss JANE GILMORE, both of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Stalow, HORACE WEST, M. D. to ANNIE, daughter of John S. Breneman, Esq. all of Lancaster county.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. WILLIAM CAMPBELL, to Miss SARAH MORRISON, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. V. Ashton, Mr. WILLIAM CARVER, to Miss HELDAH A. SCULL, both of Absecom, N. J.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. W. M. Warner, Mr. WILLIAM H. SAPP, to Miss MARY K. MCDOWELL, both of Chester county, Pa.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Benj. Franklin, EDWARD D. MARBOLLAH, of this city, to CARRIE L. MERCHANT, of Cecil county, Md.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. J. A. Watson, Mr. SAMUEL G. HART, to Miss ELIZABETH L. FROST, both of Delaware county, Pa.

On the 7th of Jan. by the Rev. John B. Dales, Mr. JAMES ADAMS, to Miss MARY C. STOREY, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At his residence, (the Sulphur Springs,) in Catahoula Parish, Louisiana, on the 23th of January, of hemorrhage of the lungs, WILLIAM M. SLATER, aged 37 years, 2 months and 24 days.

Mr. Slater was much esteemed as a citizen. A hospitable neighbor, and an honest man. He leaves a family to lament his untimely end.

On the 12th inst. THOMAS BOND, aged 67 years.
On the 12th inst. Mrs. JULIA FOLEY, aged 55 years.
On the 11th inst. Mrs. MARY THOMAS.
On the 10th inst. MARY A. SAMUELS, aged 22 years.
On the 12th inst. ANN KELLY, wife of Thos. McNamara, aged 30 years.
On the 12th inst. EDWARD INGRAM, aged 16 years.
On the 11th inst. HENRY C. HARRIS, aged 2 years and 10 months.
On the 11th inst. Mr. WILLIAM R. THOMAS, *Jr.* aged 22 years.
On the 12th instant, CATHARINE, daughter of Benj. and Harriet Neuman, aged 7 years.
On the 10th inst. Mr. JOHN PRICHETT, aged 22 years.
In Camden, N. J. on the 11th instant, MARIA S. SCOTT, wife of the Rev. Wm. H. Jellerys.
On the 11th inst. PETER ROSE, Sr. aged 74 years.
On the 10th inst. Mrs. MARY J. CALDWELL, aged 66.
On the 11th inst. ELIZABETH MAULL, aged 86 years.
On the 10th inst. EDWIN FORREST, son of Abner and Mary Snodgrass.
In Camden, N. J. on the 10th instant, SARAH DENNIS, daughter of Saml. and Eliza A. Sheer, aged 3 years.
On the 11th inst. Mrs. HONORA MOYLAN, aged 58.
On the 10th inst. Mrs. CHRISTIANA WILLIAMS, aged 72 years.
On the 10th inst. Mrs. HANNAH SEXTON, aged 65.
In Germantown, on the 9th inst. Mrs. MARY N. OGILBY, aged 28 years.
On the 9th inst. Mr. ROBERT ADAIR, aged 65 years.
On the 8th inst. PATRICK DUFFY, aged 35 years.
On the 6th inst. Miss FANNY, daughter of Robert and Jane Laughlin, aged 18 years.
On the 5th inst. Mrs. HANNAH HOOVER, aged 50 years.
On the 16th inst. Mrs. REBECCA BUIENT, aged 38.
On the 9th inst. Madame SOPHIE FRANAGUE, widow of the late Mr. Fernegus De Gelone, aged 80 years.
On the 8th inst. Mrs. ELIZA ROBINSON, aged 45 years.
On the 9th inst. LILLY, daughter of Daniel and Lydia B. Wilham.
On the 8th inst. Miss ANNA M. CROLL, aged 30 years.
On the 8th inst. Mr. GEORGE TOMPS, aged 40 years.
On the 6th inst. Mr. ARMENGER T. HAUPERT, aged 27.
On the 7th inst. MARY W. wife of Dr. Thos. S. Reed.
On the 7th inst. Mrs. MARGARET HOPKINS, aged 65.
At Port Delaware, on the 8th inst. Mr. ISAAC SHEPPERD, aged 63 years.
In West Philadelphia, on the 7th instant, LEONORA P. EPPERSON, aged 27 years and 11 months.
On the 5th inst. ELIZABETH ANDERSON, aged 84 years.
On the 6th inst. Miss CHARLOTTE NEFF.

OLD GOLD PENS RE-POINTED—Price 50 Cents. Enclose the Pen in a letter, with Cash or Postage Stamps. The return mail will bring the Pen, as good as new. Address D. ELLIOTT, Syracuse, New York. mh22-3m

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Gold Hunting Levers, 18 kt. case, full jeweled	$10,00
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I can send by mail, with perfect safety, a Watch or Jewelry to any part of the United States or world. All orders must be accompanied with the cash. On the receipt of the cash, the goods will be immediately sent by mail or express as desired. Please call or address, (post-paid,)

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MONUMENTS.

JOHN BAIRD,

AT HIS STEAM MARBLE WORKS, SPRING GARDEN Street and RIDGE AVENUE, invites the attention of the public, and persons wishing to purchase Monumental work, of plain or emblematical Sculpture, to the very large assortment of finished work and designs, embracing over One Thousand Specimens.

Designs and estimates furnished and sent to any part of the United States. Address JOHN BAIRD,
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AGENTS, AGENTS WANTED in a new business that pays from $5 to $10 per day. Address, with stamp enclosed, J. R. MIDDLETON & Co.,
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COUNTRY MERCHANTS AND OTHERS VISITING THIS CITY, WILL FIND A FULL SUPPLY OF

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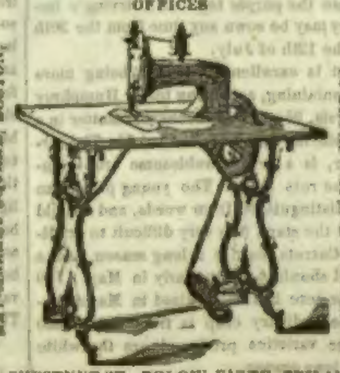

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Wit and Humor.

THE EFFECTS OF EATING HORSE-MEAT.—(*From Our Own Correspondent.*)—There is a professor in Berlin who has been a hippophagist for the last ten years. About two months ago he woke up his wife in the middle of the night by neighing loudly. The wife expressed her surprise, and the surprise made the professor laugh; but such a laugh, it was a decided horse-laugh, that elicited a response from all the horses on a neighboring cab-stand! In the afternoon, his wife had the greatest difficulty in getting him past a seed-shop, where a quantity of oats in the window was spread out for sale. Soon afterwards his hair (which is of a rich auburn) began to grow to a tremendous length, and to assume more and more the shape of a mane. His face, too, became covered with hair, and he gave great amusement to the little boys of Berlin by appearing one day in the streets with a pair of blinkers. Various other changes gradually came over him. He would start as if frightened at the crack of a whip—the scream of a railway whistle would set him off galloping at full speed—whilst the sound of a trumpet would make him prick up his ears and distend his nostrils in a most equine manner. It was noticed, also, that his ears of late had grown considerably longer, pointing upwards to some height above his head. One night he was missed, and after considerable search he was found stretched at full length upon the straw in the stable. When his poor wife approached him, he began roaring and plunging in such a violent manner that it was only by putting on the kicking-straps that he could be kept in the least still. Other curious symptoms soon declared themselves. He could not be induced to keep on his boots; and as it was found very uncomfortable to allow him to run about the drawing-room barefooted, he was removed, and permitted to indulge in his eccentricities only out of the house. He would spend whole afternoons in the different stable-yards; his favorite associates were ostlers and omnibus-conductors; his favorite haunts the offices of the *allesgeas* and the most fashionable beer-houses. Nothing pleased him so much as to sleep in a stall. After awhile his feet began to harden, and it was observed that a hard substance, not unlike a horse's hoof, was forming over them. The same peculiarity became soon observable on his hands. From this time forth he refused to walk upright; and one frosty morning he was found on all fours outside a farrier's shop, stretching out one of his feet, as if he were anxious to be shod. Since that period he has been put under the care of a veterinary surgeon, who gives but faint hopes of his recovery.—*Punch.*

A SPIRIT RAPPER RAPPED.—A noted spirit rapper in one of the northern conventicles, at a recent sitting of the faithful, remarked that he had just received intelligence of the death of a dear, devoted, and estimable friend in California, and expressed a desire at once to enter into communication with his spirit. After the usual preparatory table turning and rapping, the spirit of the departed manifested its willingness to commence a cosy chat, whereupon the entertainment opened and closed with the following short dialogue:

"How long have you been dead?"

"Ten weeks next Thursday."

"And the cause of your death?"

"I was hung for stealing a yoke of steers and altering the brand!"

No more questions were sent under that table: complete silence reigned.

MUTUAL INSTRUCTION.—In a carriage case before the Court of Queen's Bench, recently, Mr. Hawkins had frequently to advert to that description of vehicle called a "Brougham," which he pronounced as a word of two syllables. Lord Campbell suggested that the word was as frequently contracted to "broom," which was just as well known, and the use of which would save a syllable. Henceforward, Mr. Hawkins, like a sensible man, called it "broom." Presently the argument turned upon omnibuses, and Lord Campbell frequently used the word "omnibus," to which he gave its due length. "I beg your Lordship's pardon," retorted Mr. Hawkins, "but if your Lordship will call it 'bus,' you will save two syllables, and make it much more intelligible to the witnesses." Lord Campbell, like a wise judge, assented to the proposed abbreviation.

YOUNG TELLY.—Oliver Milkin is as much of a wag as a musician, and to make his waggery more successful, he affects the dress and manner of a clergyman. With his white cravat and sober black coat he makes not a bad imitation. He was at one of the hotels in Springfield, a few days ago, and his decidedly clerical appearance attracting the attention of the company as they sat down to dinner, he was called upon to ask a blessing. He did not refuse, and got on very well for a sentence or two; but when he came toward the conclusion, he found, as it was his first attempt, that he was utterly unable to remember the usual manner of closing such an exercise. After hesitating a moment, he recollected the usual subscription of his letters, and he brought his brief petition to a close by adding, with great solemnity, "Yours truly, Oliver Milkin!"

COOKERY AND CURIOSITY.—During Lent the French clergy are of course supposed to eat no meat. At a splendid dinner given by the Legate of Avignon to the Prior of Chartoux, a superb fish, cooked to perfection, and likely to have tempted the Pope himself, had he been present, was handed to the prior. He helped himself, and was on the eve of eating, when one of the brothers said to him, "My brother, do not touch that; it is not *maigre*. I went into the kitchen, and I saw things there that would make you shudder; the sauce that you fancy is made from carrots and onions, is made from ham and rabbits." "My brother, you talk too much, and are too curious," replied the prior; "the kitchen is not your place, and curiosity is a grievous sin."

FACE, QUEEN ELIZABETH'S FOOL.—It is remarked of the professional "fools" by whom our ancestors were so much amused, that their sallies were characterized as much by impertinence as wit. To put one person out of countenance afforded mirth to the rest. The womanly vanity and queenly pride of Elizabeth shrunk from these rude rebukes. She would not allow her fool, Face, because of his caustic vein, to enter her presence; but once being persuaded to have him in, "Come on, Face," said she, "now we shall hear of our faults." "I do not," he replied, "talk of that which all the town talks on." She never probably ventured to repeat the experiment.

☞ A peripatetic vendor of potatoes in London has this inscription on a brass plate affixed to a tin can—"Kemuth for ever! Hot baked potatoes."

LITERATURE.

There is a spot of earthly ground
Where sickly herbs forever grow,
Where not a single flower is found
To please the eye or cheer the view,
Loathsome everything beneath the sun
Yet by those fields so white as snow,
Which yet black flowers by thousands show,
Full many a man doth careless go
And never knows what in them grow.

"SPARE THE ROD, SPOIL THE CHILD."—In Dr. Dibdin's "Bibliomania," 1811, I find the following, to which I call your attention, as being a curious result of the diligence of a calculator, and the cruelty of a schoolmaster: "A German magazine recently announced the death of a schoolmaster in Suabia, who, for fifty-one years, had superintended a large institution with old-fashioned severity. From an average inferred by means of recorded observations, one of the ushers had calculated that, in the course of his exertions, he had given 911,500 canings, 121,000 floggings, 209,000 custodes, 136,000 tips with the ruler, 10,200 boxes on the ear, and 22,700 tasks by heart. It was further calculated, that he had made 700 boys stand on peas, 5,000 kneel on a sharp edge of wood, 5,000 wear the fool's cap, and 1,700 hold the rod. How vast (exclaims the journalist) the quantity of human misery inflicted by a single perverse educator!"—*Notes and Queries.*

THE SCOTCH.—A people whose education and habits are such, that in every quarter of the world, they rise above the mass of those with whom they mix, as surely as oil rises to the top of water; a people of such temper and self-government, that the wildest popular excesses recorded in their history partake of the gravity of judicial proceedings, and of the solemnity of religious rites; a people whose national pride and mutual attachment have passed into a proverb; a people whose high and fierce spirit, so forcibly described in the haughty motto which encircles their thistle, preserved their independence during a struggle of centuries from the encroachments of wealthier and more powerful neighbors—such a people cannot be long oppressed. —*Macaulay.*

Useful Receipts.

CHEAP AND NOURISHING MEAL FOR A POOR FAMILY.—Under this head, we find the following in an English periodical: "Take half a pound of good rice, which will swell well, put it in a basin of cold water over night; take half a pound of oat meal, and mix it smooth in another basin of cold water, same time. In the morning put the rice on in a large saucepan, add more water, and part oatmeal; let it slowly boil up, add more water, and more oat-meal, till the latter has been mixed in by degrees. Stirring it often, let it simmer for two or three hours, and the pound of material will be found to yield four pounds of good, solid food. Add sugar, treacle and milk, if possible, or an onion, and a few carrots, or a red herring cut up, if savory food is preferred to sweet. But be sure to put in a spoonful of salt, and a piece of dripping."

NEW GOLD VARNISH, WHICH DOES NOT LOSE ITS COLOR BY EXPOSURE TO AIR AND LIGHT.—A very beautiful and permanent gold varnish may be prepared in the following manner: "Two oz. of the best French garancine are digested in a glass vessel with 6 oz. of alcohol, of spec. grav. 0.833, for twelve hours, pressed and filtered. A solution of clear orange-colored shellac in similar alcohol is also prepared, filtered and evaporated until the lac has the appearance of a clear syrup; it is then colored with the tincture of garancine. Objects coated with this have a color which only differs from that of gold by a slight brown tinge. The color may be more closely assimilated to that of gold by the addition of a little tincture of saffron.

MAGIC LANTERN SLIDES.—The colors used in painting magic lantern slides are those which are transparent, such as the lakes, sap green, Prussian blue, distilled verdigris, gamboge, &c., ground in oil, and tempered with mastic varnish. Copal varnish may be used in the dark shades.—Draw on paper the subject you intend to paint, and fix it at each end of the glass; trace the outlines of the design with a fine hair pencil in strong tints in their proper colors, and when these are dry, fill up in their proper tints; shade with black, bistre, and vandyke brown, as you find convenient.

TO CLEAN BLACK CLOTH.—Brush the dust from the clothes; remove the grease from the collar, &c., with a brush or sponge and warm water, soap, or oil of turpentine; boil one ounce of ground logwood a few minutes in one quart of water, and add a piece of soda the size of a horse bean; strain the logwood, lay the clothes on a table, and brush them with the hot liquor all over, till they are well wet; then brush them with hot water, on the surface of which put a few drops of olive oil. Care must be taken not to have too much oil on the surface at once. When washed, add a few drops more. The operation must be carried on uniformly and in the direction of the nap of the cloth. Hang the clothes up to dry, and they will be a beautiful black, particularly if the grain of the cloth is not worn off.

FURNITURE CREAM.—Three ounces of beeswax, scraped; one ounce of Castile soap, also scraped; one gill of turpentine; one pint of boiling water; to be kept warm till all is dissolved.

BLACK LACE.—The brown hue, frequently perceptible in black lace, if occasioned merely by dust, may be removed by the following simple process: Steep the lace in porter which has stood long enough to become slightly stale. Dab it about in a basin until perfectly soaked; then press out the liquid by squeezing, carefully avoiding wringing, which would tear or fray the lace. After stretching it to its proper width, pin it out to dry. This will be found preferable to the use of gum-water for imparting to the lace the requisite degree of stiffening or dressing, and will make it appear as beautiful as when new.

BUTTER AND CHEESE.—A few words of my experience in making butter and cheese. I have used the year past, Skinner's Patent Centrifugal Double Beater. It is the most economical and labor-saving churn I ever saw. It makes about ten per cent. more butter than any other churn, and there is no waste of cream. The butter comes quick, and gathers very nicely. I wash my butter in the churn if not too hard, and also mix in the salt before taking it out. When I skim off my cream, I put a little salt into it, which prevents the white specks that so often appear in butter.

The churn answers for a cheese tub. If you like buttermilk cheese, turn your buttermilk back into the churn, warm your sweet milk, and turn in with the buttermilk—(the more sweet milk you put in, the more it will be like common cheese)—put in a little rennet, mix well, and let it stand until it comes; then break it up and let it settle; then drain it off, and season like other cheese; squeeze it into a bag, or if you have enough, press it into a hoop. It will be fit for use in a few days.—*A Country Lady.*

PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

GRANDMAMMA.—"Well, Charley, and what have you been learning to-day?"

CHARLEY.—"Pneumatics, gran'ma!—and I can tell you such a dodge! If I was to put you under a glass receiver, and exhaust the air, all your wrinkles would come out as smooth as grandpapa's head!"

Agricultural.

WINTERING CATTLE—ROOT CROPS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor: The present unusually severe winter will, I think, convince farmers of the necessity of having something more than mere hay, and other dry feed, as winter provender hereafter.

The long continued cold weather has had a marked bad effect on stock of all kinds; young cattle, those which are growing, especially. All farmers know that animals which are exposed to the cold, consume more food than those which are stabled; stronger, richer food, and a more abundant supply being necessary to yield the requisite nutrition and animal heat. As it has been almost impossible, even in the best arranged stables, and with the utmost care, to keep cattle comfortable during the protracted cold term this winter, as a consequence those animals that were not plentifully supplied with a variety and *frequent change* of food, are much out of condition.

One of the objects in writing this article, is to urge upon farmers the advantage of having a liberal supply of roots for winter feeding, either ruta bagas, carrots, or flat turnips. They are in fact almost indispensable to the raiser of stock. Young cattle, if expected to mature into handsome, well developed specimens, must be well fed in all the stages of their growth; above all, they should be *well wintered*, for an animal miserably wintered, even if placed in good pasture the next summer, requires the whole season to recuperate and regain its lost stamina and condition. Thus a year is lost; and as the animal has only a fixed period for growth and development, if a portion of that time is squandered through carelessness and neglect, we cannot by additional care afterwards make amends for the lost year, or by pampering, crowd its growth into the remaining period. A runty, ill-formed animal is the result, a living illustration of a false economy.

Comparatively few farmers in this country raise roots for winter feeding—they are not fully acquainted with their value—and they are afraid perhaps to deviate from the old routine, and adopt a new idea, lest it might turn out one of the humbugs of the day, and subject the experimenter to the witticisms of his less gullible neighbors. But let it be said there is no experiment here. The value of root crops is a fixed fact, convincing to every farmer who will try them.

In England they form part of the regular crop of every farmer. Their cattle are fed almost exclusively on them, and no country produces finer cattle or better beef than England.

I would say to every stock grower, who prides himself on the appearance of his cattle, *feed roots*; cultivate a field of carrots, ruta bagas, mangel wurtzel, or even common flat turnips, and you will have a most useful adjunct to your winter provender.

I know it has been said by sceptical persons, that there is very little nutritive matter in roots, compared with grain; that there is an exceedingly large per centage of water, as shown by an analysis. This is freely admitted, yet it cannot be denied that cattle will fatten readily on them, and here it is that well tested facts contradict scientific theory. Davy, after an analysis, was at a loss to account for it.

I have no doubt that they act as a mild and healthful alterative, at the same time assisting assimilation and digestion. Cattle fed on roots shed their coats earlier in the spring, their skins are mellow and elastic, and they evince by their general condition robust health.

Another argument in favor of root crops is their cheapness, compared with grain, costing only half the time to grow them, giving the farmer the advantage of the ground for oats or some other early crop, in the beginning of the season.

My favorite is the ruta baga, or Swedish turnip—it is very productive—700 to 1,000 bushels on good ground can be raised. It keeps well until the last of May, after which it is not needed—is very nutritious, and does not become pithy, as the flat turnip does. The kinds most liked for field crop are the purple top and Skirving's improved—they may be sown any time from the 20th of June to the 12th of July.

The carrot is excellent for cattle, being more nutritious; containing, according to Sir Humphrey Davy's analysis, 35 parts of saccharine matter in a thousand, while the ruta baga has but 55. The carrot, however, is a very troublesome crop compared with the ruta baga. The young plants can scarcely be distinguished from weeds, and should the latter get the start, it is very difficult to eradicate them. Carrots require a long season, and a deep rich soil should be sown early in May. 700 bushels to the acre has been raised in Massachusetts, but the ordinary crop is from 400 to 500 bushels. The varieties preferred are the white Belgian and long orange.

Milk cows, fed on carrots, produce very rich, yellow butter—and I think it a better plan to put the coloring principle in the cow in the way of carrots as feed, than in the butter in the form of drugs, as annatto, &c.

I would next speak of the common, flat turnip, —a large crop of these may be raised with very little trouble and expense—they may be sown after oats, but the stubble should be ploughed the second time—after all the shattered oats has come up—so that it may be destroyed, else it will choke out the turnips completely, and the crop will be lost. The flat turnip is less nutritious than any other root crop, but it has several advantages over most of them—in the first place, it may be sowed very late in the season, and a crop produced; secondly, it requires no cultivation after it is sowed; thirdly, a large crop may be expected on ground of good quality—1,000 to 1,200 bushels per acre have been frequently raised.

From the 10th to the 20th of August is a very good time to sow flat turnips; and if the autumn promises to be mild and long, they will do later. Owing to my purchasing defective seed last season, none of which came up, I was obliged to sow my fields over again; the second sowing was not done until the 28th of August, yet an excellent crop was produced. The purple top, strap leaf, and the white early Dutch varieties are preferred.

Where a large stock are to be fed on roots, a root-cutter should be procured, by which there will be a great saving of time. A half bushel of sliced Swedes (i. e., ruta bagas) or carrots, twice a day, with a little meal sprinkled on them, make a cow milk excellently, and keep her in fine condition.

The sugar beet and mangel wurtzel, although prolific and highly nutritive, involve too much labor in their cultivation ever to be as popular among farmers as the above-mentioned.

A PRACTICAL FARMER.

UTILITY OF MOLES.—Mr. George Wilkins, in the Agricultural Gazette, gives the following statement:—"The Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society affirms that in one year, and every year, full 60,000 bushels of seed wheat, equal at this time to nearly £30,000 worth, are destroyed by wire worms. If 60,000 bushels of seed are destroyed, full 720,000 bushels of crop are prevented, equal in value, at this time, to upwards of £300,000 a year! If farmers, instead of killing moles, partridges, and pheasants, would protect them, 720,000 more bushels of wheat would go every year into the English markets; but the creature designed by a kind Providence to perform the chief part of this immense good is the mole. Some years since I had two fields, one of which was full of wireworms, and the other was infested with them to the extent of more than one-third part of it. My crops failed for the first two or three years the land was in my possession, but every year afterwards they improved, and at length rapidly. The cause was this:—I bought all the live moles I could obtain, first at 3s. a dozen and then at 2s., and turned them down in my fields; and one year in which I had 8 quarters of barley on an acre and nearly 7 quarters of wheat the moles were at work all the summer, and in such numbers that, as I walked among the growing crops, the ground under my feet was like a honeycomb; but that was the last year I had a mole on my land; their work being done, their food—the former pests to my crops—being all consumed, the little innocent workmen, who had performed for me a service beyond the powers of all the men in my parish, migrated to my neighbors to perform for them the same kind of benefit they had for me; but of course, death met them at every move, and soon the whole colony was destroyed. I will add that now I will allow all the farmers in this county to turn upon the glebe I myself occupy all the moles from their farms they can bring, being convinced they would do me no injury; but, if I happen to have a wireworm, they would by destroying him do me good."

TO PREVENT COWS SUCKING THEMSELVES.—*Mr. Editor of the Post:* I saw recently in your paper a communication requesting information in regard to the best mode of keeping cows from sucking themselves. Having had some experience in the matter, I cheerfully give the result. Last spring I purchased a cow, and found she was addicted to the habit of sucking herself. I tried various remedies, such as putting tobacco, soap, &c., on the teats, but to no purpose. At last I succeeded, by fastening a sort of frame around the neck, which prevented its turning far enough to reach the teats. The frame consists of four light pieces of wood. These are held to their places by small rods of the same material, which may be longer or shorter in proportion to the size of the cow's neck. The frame is light and easily constructed. One other mode I have tried, which is to take a thin plate of wood, notch it so that it will fit snugly in the nose and hang down over the mouth when the head is elevated. But this somewhat obstructs the feeding. The former is generally preferred. J. B. F.

Chemung, N. Y.

☞ An eminent agricultural writer, has said that a good farmer should know how to make heavy land lighter, and light land heavier—cold land hotter, and hot land colder. He that knows these things is a farmer, and he who does not know them, is no farmer.

THE CASTOR OIL BEAN.—*Mr. Editor of the Sat. Eve. Post*:—I saw a notice in your paper of the 8th inst., coming from a correspondent in Va., asking some questions in regard to the Castor Oil Bean. Although this sketch will not fulfill the requirements of the gentleman's notice, yet, supposing that he wishes to know for the purpose of cultivating the plant to obtain the oil, these few remarks may be acceptable. The Castor Oil plant seems to be a native of the East Indies, Greece and Africa, from whence it has been introduced into the West Indies and America. It is cultivated to a great extent in many parts of the United States, although it does not seem to be as thrifty as in India, where it often attains the height of from 15 to 20 feet. It is thought by the most of people acquainted with it to be a very profitable crop to raise, as it is very prolific in affording seeds from which the oil is expressed; and for this reason many have gone into this business. The consumption of the oil in this country is somewhere in the neighborhood of between five and six hundred thousand pounds yearly, and the quantity used is still increasing yearly. In Illinois and some of the neighboring States it was so abundant that it was frequently used in lamps. The soil of the most of the States of the Union seems to be well adapted to its growth, and the reason why it grows more thrifty in the Indies, is probably, that the climate is warmer than here and the seasons longer; but I do not know that it yields the oil in greater abundance than it does in our States.

The manner in which the oil is prepared in this country is about as follows: The seeds are cleansed from all extraneous matter, and put in a reservoir, and then heated a very little in order to make the oil more liquid so that it can be more easily expressed. They are then put in a very powerful press and pressed. By this means a whitish oily liquid is obtained, which is then put into boilers with quite a quantity of water. This is all boiled together and skimmed off, leaving the clear oil on top of the water. The oil is then poured off and boiled again in a little water until the aqueous vapor ceases to arise, and the oil becomes clear. In regard to its prolific qualities, one bushel of seeds will afford about nine gallons and a-half of good oil. Oil prepared without heat is called cold pressed castor oil, but it does not appear to be any more active as a medicine than that prepared by heat. O. C. T.

Ganges, Ohio.

ENGLISH MODE OF FATTENING POULTRY.—The food usually selected for fattening poultry is oatmeal mixed either with scalding milk or water. Cooped fowls should be supplied with fresh food three times daily—namely, at daybreak, or as soon after as possible, at mid-day, and again at roosting time; as much as they can eat should be given them on each occasion, but no more than can be devoured before the next meal; should any be left it should be removed and given to other fowls, as, if kept, it is apt to become sour, when the birds will not eat it freely. The troughs for the soft meal should be scalded out daily, which can only be done conveniently by having a supply of spare ones. In addition to soft food, a supply of fresh clean water must be constantly present, and a little gravel must be given daily, otherwise the grinding action of the gizzard, which is necessary to the due digestion of the food, does not go on satisfactorily; the supply of a little green food will be found very advantageous to health; a little sliced cabbage, or some turnip tops, or a green turf to peck occasionally, being all that is required. A variation in the diet will be found very conducive to an increased appetite, and therefore the occasional substitution of a feed of boiled barley for the slaked oatmeal is desirable. Some feeders have a division in their troughs, or still better a small extra trough, which always contains some grains for the fowls to peck at. Should the birds be required very fat, some mutton suet or trimmings of the joins may be chopped up and scalded with the meal, or they may be boiled in the milk or water preparatory to its being poured over the food, and the fat of fowls so fatted will be found exceedingly firm.

THE CHINCH BUG.—Three of our subscribers in Red Oak Grove, Charlotte County, Virginia, unite in the following:—"*Mr. Editor of the Sat. Eve. Post*:—Believing from observation that the last and only hope of destroying the corn or chinch bug is, by common consent, to burn all broom straw fields, adjacent lands that were infested by those insects the preceding year, where they may be found by thousands in any bunch of straw near the ground, alive and full of motion, having drawn their sustenance during the winter from the straw near the ground, which is known to continue partially green through the winter —we recommend that it be universally done. For the benefit of your numerous readers and the public at large you can publish this."

PLEASURES OF FINDING MONEY IN EGYPT.—A villager lately found some money in the bank of the Nile by accident, but not by happy accident, for what is good fortune in the West is a misfortune in the East, so reversed is the order of things in the latter. The villager was in a boat with three others, and running their boat into the bank of the river, stove in an earthen jar buried in the soil and containing money. Three of the rovers took some; the fourth, being a cautious man, and having his doubts as to the consequences, did not. The circumstance, of course, came to the ears of the nearest Governor, and the men were all put in prison. First, they were all bastinadoed for keeping the thing from him; and next, because they did not produce as much as the Governor considered they must have taken. The poor fellows gave up all; but why should the Governor believe they had given up all, or that one of them had taken none? A little more beating and a little more imprisonment had the desired effect of producing more money, the unlucky finders being glad to take some from their own stores at home, besides what they had taken from the accursed jar in the bank, to satisfy the hungry and cautious Governor.—*By G. T. Lowth.*

GOOD IN EVERYTHING.—Let us thank God for imparting unto us poor weak mortals the inestimable blessing of vanity. How many half-witted votaries of the arts—poets, painters, actors, musicians—live upon this food, and scarcely any other! If the delusion were to drop from Pipson's eyes, and he could see himself as he is—if some malevolent genius were to mingle with his feeble brains one fatal particle of common sense—he would just walk off Waterloo-bridge, abjure poverty, incapacity, cold lodging, unpaid bakers' bills, ragged elbows, and deferred hopes, at once, and for ever.—*Thackeray's Miscellanies.*

TRANSIENT YOUNG GENTLEMEN.—Girls, beware of transient young gents; never suffer the addresses of a stranger, recollect that one good steady farmer boy or mechanic, is worth all the floating trash in the world; the allurements of dandy jack, with a gold chain about his neck, a walking stick in his paw, some honest tailor's coat on his back, and a brainless skull, can never make up the loss of a kind father's house, a good mother's counsel, and the society of brothers and sisters; their affections last, while that of such a young man is lost at the wane of the honeymoon.—*Evansville Journal.*

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 48 letters.

My 16, 14, 43, 21, 31, 35, 23, was the first tragic poet.
My 20, 3, 41, 11, 31, 6, 9, 36, 13, 21, 23, burnt one of the wonders of the world to render his name immortal.
My 1, 38, 18, 29, 31, was a celebrated Roman General.
My 10, 2, 38, 21, 21, was a King of Syria.
My 36, 29, 45, 49, was the principal object of worship among the Babylonians.
My 46, 3, 21, 25, 9, 14, 37, 19, 4, was a tyrant of Corinth and one of the wise men of Greece.
My 21, 6, 34, 48, 46, was the inventor of fables.
My 42, 17, 7, 42, 40, 34, was a King of Persia.
My 47, 6, 23, 11, 20, 43, 16, 37, 22, was a celebrated Grecian historian.
My 37, 7, 36, 44, 35, 21, was a Carthagenian deity.
My 20, 35, 39, 25, 29, 30, is a valley often mentioned in the Scriptures.
My 12, 21, 45, 6, 15, was a renowned wit.
My 27, 21, 7, 37, 30, was a Roman tribune.
My whole is the greatest military achievement on record. S. W. T.

Boyle Co., Ky.

MILITARY ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 52 letters.

My 27, 2, 15, 32, 14, 22, 26, 6, 9, is he who on a single prop possesses the qualifications of a statesman, warrior and villain.
My 19, 31, 36, 4, 24, 27, 1, 7, 29, 33, was an American victory in 1812.
My 47, 37, 11, 27, 7, 35, was one of the most successful generals of antiquity.
My 27, 8, 50, 30, 21, is the greatest commander of the present day.
My 42, 1, 36, 39, was for a time the retired seat of a mighty commander and great genius.
My 1, 34, 22, 44, 23, 27, is a Swedish commander of a foreign army.
My 49, 41, 20, 31, 33, 24, was the witness of one of the severest battles of modern years.
My 12, 31, 45, 14, 28, was Napoleon's stay in battle.
My 48, 5, 27, 10, 23, 34, 17, 9, 50, was a Polish patriot of the Revolution.
My 30, 41, 39, 16, 43, 5, 19, 48, 37, 10, 44, 40, 11, 2, 21, was an event of the campaign of 1753, disgraceful and disastrous to the British and provincial forces.
My 32, 18, 1, 27, 46, 28, was one of Napoleon's campaigns.
My 17, 50, 3, 37, 30, 29, 21, 24, 39, 20, 8, 26, was a vessel that brought much glory to the Americans in the campaign of 1813.
My 17, 37, 13, is a Colonel of the U. S. Army distinguished for his impetuosity.
My whole is a place of instruction and its location.

Urbana, Md. MARION.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 27, 11, 7, 18, 9, is a production of North Carolina.
My 21, 3, 16, 11, is the name of a race horse.
My 1, 6, 11, 33, 14, is a county in New York.
My 10, 4, 21, 7, 19, grows in every garden.
My 5, 22, 18, 23, 8, 2, is the capital of one of the U. States.
My 13, 22, 10, is found in every queensware establishment.
My 2, 17, 29, 18, 11, 9, is a town on the Hudson river.
My 12, 6, 16, 20, is very valuable, yet sometimes very destructive.
My 2, 20, 14, 4, 26, is possessed by all.
My 23, 21, 1, 3, is on most farms.
My 19, 24, 15, 27, 1, is a part of a gentleman's dress.
My whole is the name of a Painting which was on exhibition at the New York Crystal Palace. W. W. O.

Warsaw.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 1, 17, 29, 4, 15, 2, 25, 16, 26, 4, 25, 5, 16, 30, 2, was one of the Queens of France.
My 10, 12, 27, 21, was a celebrated English poet.
My 6, 24, 1, 15, 16, is a noted English novelist.
My 10, 12, 31, 14, 19, 12, 30, 13, is a distinguished American historian.
My 19, 4, 19, 9, 22, 24, was a Roman orator.
My 22, 9, 8, 19, 11, 24, 3, is a celebrated divine.
My 11, 28, 29, 3, 4, 8, 7, 25, was a President of the United States.
My 20, 24, 1, 15, 28, was a Greek poet.
My whole was an European Empress celebrated for her beauty. CINROS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is part of a coat,
My next's at the head of a lane;
My third will be found in a boat,
My fourth you will look for in vain.
My fifth is the end of all life,
In water, my last oft does roll.
If with money you're blessed,—or a wife,—
You'd consider yourself in my whole.

GARMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a personal pronoun.
My second is an ornament for ladies.
My whole is a species of fish.

Stottsville, Pa. CLINT.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.
Deprive me of my first and I become a bird.
Deprive me of my 1st and 2nd, and I become what was used in the time of the flood.
Deprive me of my 2nd and 5th, and I become the servant of many people.
My whole is the surname of many people.

Lenisa Co., Iowa. A. W. REEDER.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

Messrs. Editors of the Post:—In looking over an old paper we observed the following puzzle:

A man in England gave the puzzle to a boy, and promised to present him when he solved it with £50 sterling, but the answer was not found.

Puzzle.—Take the nine digits with the 0, viz: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and add them together, (using them once and only once,) and make them produce 100. Please insert it, and see how many of the contributors can solve it. GERARD AND HARRY DEVERE.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The perimeter of a rectangular parallelogram is 280 perches, and the distance from the intersection of the two diagonals is that of a perpendicular on either diagonal from the opposite angle is 48 perches. Required the sides of the parallelogram?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What two letters, with two figures, will spell "to atone for?" 2 X 28 (to expiate.)

☞ What three letters are equivalent to strenuous activity? Ans.—N R G (energy.)

☞ What two letters will spell a forest tree. Ans.—L M (elm.)

☞ What three letters will give the name of a famous Roman General. Ans.—C P O (Scipio.)

☞ Why ought superstitious people to be necessarily temperate? Ans.—Because they are afraid of spirits.

☞ What little animal is it that puts you in mind of a long journey? Ans.—Gopher (Go far.)

Iowa.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL AND DOUBLE ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—General George Washington—First in War—First in Peace—and First in the Hearts of his Countrymen. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Edwin Forrest, the Tragedian. BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—In all things admirable; in all things to be imitated; in some things scarce imitable, and only to be admired. CHARADE.—Mother. (Moth-er.) CHARADE.—Saltpetre. RIDDLE.—Beard. (Bard, bear, ear, bed, bad, bead, be, bar, debar, bread.) PROBLEM.—31,366 perches. PROBLEM.—913,600 00.

☞ SELF-LOVE.—It is a poor centre of a man's actions—himself. It is like earth, for that only stands fast upon its own centre; whereas all things that have affinity with the heavens move upon the centre of another which they benefit. Extreme self-lovers will set a house on fire, if it were but to roast their eggs.—*Bacon.*